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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 323.

SAFE WHERE THE ANGELS ARE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

How well I can remember
That afternoon in May!
We saw white sails go drifting
Down the sun-kissed bay.
We saw the sailors singing
Beyond the harbor bar.
And dreamed the world enchanted,
It seemed so vague and fair.

You read a little poem,
Your little hand in mine,
I heard the ocean moaning,
And saw the blue waves shine.
The day died, and above us
We saw the vesper star.
White sails were homeward
Across the harbor bar.

Oh, love, the poem's ended,
The brief, sweet dream is o'er,
I hear the ocean sobbing
Upon the rocky shore.
Again I dream, you with me,
The while you are so far,
Oh, love! have you forgotten
Safe where the angels are?

Nick o' the Night: THE BOY SPY OF '76.

A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER IV.

DRAGOON NETTLETON IS NETTELLED.

After a moment's silence, Jotham Nettleton repeated his last sentence:

"Nick o' the Night, I'm going to scatter your brains over moonshine and shadow."

The young partisan did not reply to this.

He appeared a statue in the saddle. His eyes were fastened on the outlines of his enemy's figure, which he could make out among the trees that cast their dense shadows across the narrow road.

It was a moment of peril—a moment freighted with death!

"Aren't you going to get ready for death?" asked the dragoon, perfumed by the boy's silence.

"Ready for what?" returned the captive, in a voice of well-feigned surprise.

"Death! Is it possible that you have been asleep all this time? I will not believe it! You want to gain time."

A strange smile passed over the young night-riders face, and without moving his head, he spoke his dog's name in a low tone.

Whig was crouched at the edge of the shadow that almost kissed Santee's foremost hoofs.

At the sound of his master's voice he crawled into the shadow unseen by the triumphant and impatient trooper.

"Jotham Nettleton, I did not hope to meet you here," said Nick o' the Night. "I am completely at your mercy, and if you are a good shot you will not complete your triumph in a bungling manner."

"I am a good shot."

"Thanks. How come you here?"

"I will tell you, since you are to die," answered the dragoon. "I rode from Dorchester to Azalea with Colonel Holly, who will enter the accused Swamp Fox before he returns. Twenty-five gallant dragoons are at the mansion now. I am a picket."

"Ah!" said Nick o' the Night, as if he knew nothing of Colonel Holly's visit to Azalea. "You think you will capture Marion!"

"We will! I am not afraid to tell you this because—you know why."

The last word had hardly left the trooper's lips when a short angry growl was heard in the darkness.

An animal, huge and strong, had darted, panther-like, from the earth, and seized the dragoon in his saddle!

It was Whig!

A cry of terror pealed from Jotham Nettleton's throat, and with the hand from which the unexpected onslaught had dashed the pistol, he boldly seized the wolfish brute, and tried to shake him off.

But in vain! The dog held on to the arm which had seized with his teeth, and the soldier fancied that he could hear the crushing of the bones.

Added to his situation, which was not to be envied, his horse, frightened by the attack, plunged forward, to be brought to a halt by a hand that suddenly grasped the reins.

"You are mine, Jotham Nettleton!" said the young partisan, darting a look of triumph into the face of his foe. "Down, Whig, down!"

The dog released the trooper's arm, and dropped to the ground with looks of dissatisfaction, while his young master, bending forward, seized the scarlet collar.

"I ought to scatter your brains over moonshine and shadow," he said, in a stern tone, that thoroughly frightened Jotham Nettleton, who saw the muzzle of a pistol not far from hisasty face.

"Don't, Nick o' the Night! Would you kill a prisoner?"

The king's trooper had turned supplicant, eh!" he cried, desirously. "But a moment since he was going to kill a captive. The tables have been turned, the captive is the master. I can slay or spare. On one condition, Jotham Nettleton, I do the latter."

A gleam of hope lit up the dragoon's eyes. "Name it!"

"You must swear to fight no longer against the colonies."

A moment's silence followed.



"You are mine, Jotham!" said the young partisan, darting a look of triumph into the face of his foe.

"I am a British soldier; you fellows are rebels; King George is my king, I have sworn to fight under his banner. You would put me on a parole for life."

"I would."

"I cannot accept it," the soldier said, with determination. "I am not a prisoner of war. We do not recognize you as a belligerent; you are a brigand."

"Then I must kill you!"

"Do it, and tell Balfour that Jotham Nettleton would not desert the royal cause."

Balfour was the commandant at Charleston.

"Trooper, I can't kill such a devoted man," said Nick o' the Night. "I respect bravery, be it in my direst enemy. Were you at Wax-haw Creek?"

"Yes."

"Under Tarleton?"

"Yes."

"My father was killed there. I was at his side when he fell."

"Ah! that was a bloody battle."

"I have said that I would spare none of my captives who fought there. But I cannot kill you, Jotham Nettleton. You will not accept my proffered parole. Under the same circumstances I would not accept one from you."

"I believe that, Nick o' the Night."

The next instant the young partisan sat upright in his saddle again.

"Dragoon Nettleton, you are free!" he said.

"Let me tell you something. Colonel Holly and his men are prisoners of war. While you have been picked here, Marion and his men have surrounded Azalea and captured the party."

"The Old Harry!" exclaimed the trooper.

"No, the Swamp Fox," said Nick o' the Night, with a smile, and a merry twinkle of the eye.

"Every one captured?"

"Yes."

"Holly should be cashiered and shot."

"No—promoted for preventing the effusion of blood by a gentlemanly surrender. Look at the moon, trooper; it is creeping zenithward. We must part. Do not attempt to follow me."

"I will not."

The young partisan stretched forth a hand, which the dragoon took with some show of reluctance.

"Are we enemies?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the trooper. "I cannot forget that you robbed me of my dispatches, and disgraced me at head-quarters. I am a corporal, and the loss of my dispatches will cost me my stripes. Yes, we are enemies!"

"Then enemies let us be," was the reply.

"Corporal Nettleton, good-night."

"Good-night, Nick o' the Night; if somebody shoots your dog some night, know that I did it, for he has ruined my sleeve, and the imprint of his teeth is in my arm."

The youth, who had started forward, suddenly turned and looked at the dragon.

"Jotham Nettleton, if you touch my dog I will not hesitate to shoot you down wherever I find you!"

The trooper glanced at his torn sleeve, and then shot at the dog a look of anger.

"So be it," he said. "I am going to kill that dog!"

A moment later Nick o' the Night was riding away, and one of the strangest rencontres of the Revolution was at an end.

The British corporal sat on his horse in the road for many moments like a man in a dream.

"I never had a brother," she said.

The startling events of the last few moments did not seem real. The sound of Santee's hoofs still distinct, assured him that the dreadest pest of the Carolinas, so lately in his power, was riding away the victor, and his arm, through which darted excruciating pains, told him that he had not dreamed.

"His mercy makes me mad," said the dragoon, finally. "Twice I have been in his power, and as often have I spared me. Last night, when he robbed me of my dispatches, he let me go free; but the looks he darted at me puzzled me. When I first spoke he started, and to-night, while he gripped my throat, he twisted his head forty ways while he stared into my face. Curse him! yes, blame the boy who must throw dogs at his enemies. I've not done with him yet!"

The trooper paused abruptly and turned his attention to his wounded arm.

Seemingly not afraid of more enemies, he took off his cavalry jacket and bound up his bleeding member as best he could with one hand.

"If Holly has been captured, I must ride back to Dorchester alone. We expected to ride back with Marion and his men," and the corporal could not repress a laugh.

Then, having recovered his pistol from the ground, he rode away.

Meanwhile Nick o' the Night was riding toward Azalea, the scene of the capture of Colonel Holly and his men.

He did not gloat over his triumph.

On the contrary, his head rested on his breast and he seemed to have been with perplexing thoughts.

His thoughts were perplexing.

"I'm going to ask Helen," he said at length, scarcely above a whisper. "So like, yet so unlike. I can't get him out of my mind."

Then the lips remained closed, and the ride was continued in silence.

By and by he left the road and galloped toward the river, which flowed very near to the mansion of Azalea, and a breeze that suddenly struck the young partisan's face, was laden with the perfume of azaleas and magnolia blossoms.

The horse gave a low whinny of delight when he saw the moonlit waters of the Ashley, and very soon he was bearing his young master down the picturesque bank.

"Here we are!" said Nick o' the Night, suddenly drawing rein beneath the blossoming limbs of a giant magnolia.

At his feet flowed the river whose limpid water Whig was lapping with delight, and Santee, impatient for his rider to dismount, covetted the dog's freedom with wistful eyes.

Nicholas Brandon sprung to the ground a moment after the halt.

"Helen!" he called, in a low, cautious tone.

"Nick!"

There was a step deeper in the shadows, and the next moment the partisan stood face to face with Helen Latimer.

He took with eagerness the white hand that was put forth in greeting, and looked into the sparkling eyes of the beautiful girl.

"Marion did it gallantly!" she said. "Not one of Holly's men escaped."

"Marion does all his deeds gallantly," the youth answered, with swelling pride. "But I am dying to ask you a question. Helen, did you ever have a brother?"

The young girl started, and her dark blue eyes filled with wonderment.

"I never had a brother," she said.

King gave the speaker an inquiring look.

"To whom do you refer?" he asked.

"To that accursed boy—that spy whom they call Nick o' the Night."

The colonel's brow darkened.

"Yes, yes," he cried, almost savagely. "Last night he plundered a messenger from Orangeburg, and sent him dispatches on his journey. Three nights since he led a party of rebels upon Waverly's squadron on the Santee, and decimated its ranks. You see, I remain in ignorance concerning the orders from Orangeburg, for that young villain has my papers. General, I want to hang that boy!"

"Would you not be satisfied to know that he is dead?" asked Wingdon's son.

"Yes; but I would like to hang him!"

"Whether you hang him or not, his day of vandalism is drawing to a close," replied the youth, a strong and not unhandsome lad of seventeen. "This night I have taken an oath that Nick o' the Night shall not enjoy his triumph long."

"Your hand on that, boy!" cried Colonel King, grasping the member which young Wingdon thrust forward with pride. "Rid this district of his presence, and I will give you a captain's commission in the king's army. Colonel King is a soldier of honor."

"I know that! I hate that young rebel because he has interfered in my affairs."

"What! has he stolen your best horse?" King asked with a smile, and a cunning look at the father.

"No!"

"Meddled with your love affairs, then?"

Essex Wingdon smiled and nodded.

"Yes," answered the youth, a blush suffusing his face. "I need not keep such things from you, Colonel King. More than one year ago I met and loved Helen Latimer, the daughter of the staunch loyalist who owns Azalea. For awhile I fancied that my love was returned, when an accident occurred that dissipated my rancies. Nicholas Brandon, the young brigand, saved her life, and she has clung to him. More than that: I believe that she has furnished him valuable information concerning the movements of loyal detachments, which information he has, of course, communicated to the rebel leaders."

"A rebel in Latimer's household? that is bad," said the commandant.

"And so long as she remains there she will damage the royal cause."

The last speaker was the elder Wingdon.

"That is true," said King; "these rebel women are shrewd ones. So long as she remains at Azalea, she will communicate with this rascally boy."

The youth looked from the commandant to his parent.

"What do you propose?" he asked the latter.

"I propose to have the girl removed from Azalea to Dorchester," was the reply. "Here she will be treated like a lady, though a prisoner, and will no longer play the spy in her father's house. No doubt she informed her lover of Colonel Holly's arrival at the plantation."

"Would you remove her without Hugh Latimer's consent?" asked the son.

"Of course he will consent," was the reply.

But the dragoon shrank from the extended hand, while he gave its owner a look of disdain.

"I'll hunt him alone!" he said. "I don't want to be encumbered with a boy!"

The last sentence was rounded off with a cutting sneer.

Lancaster Wingdon's face instantly flushed with anger.

"A boy!" he retorted. "I'm your equal, Corporal Nettleton."

"My equal!" and the trooper laughed.

"Were you not in the presence of the commanding I'd give you a trouncing."

The eyes of the tory boy flashed fire at this, and the next moment he stood fuming with passion before the dragoon.

"I'm your equal in everything save years!" he cried. "You are a coward! I never permitted a boy of sixteen to rob me of my dispatches. You should be flogged before the garrison for cowardly acts, unbecoming a soldier of the king. I'll warrant that the story you have told is a trumped-up one—that you basely deserted Colonel Holly to-night—that you—"

The sentence was broken by dragoon Nettleton's clenched hand.

It shot out suddenly from his shoulder, and, planting itself with emphasis between the young tory's eyes, sent him reeling like a drunkard across the room!

"I'm not a coward!" cried the trooper, seeing Essex Wingdon draw his sword, and dart him a malignant look. "Nobody shall call me such in vain. That boy is no match for Nick o' the Night, who is one of the shrewdest tories in the State. Give me a chance, and I will outwit him. I have that chance now. I know him, for I have met him."

"Liar!"

The speaker was Lancaster Wingdon, who had risen and was coming forward.

Jotham Nettleton had not struck hard. He could have knocked the young partisan senseless with the display of no great power. For the commandant's sake, he had given his visitor a comparatively light blow; therefore the quick recovery was not a surprise.

"I say you lie!" repeated the youth, rounding the table before Colonel King and his father could interpose a hand. "I'll have your blood for this, coward!"

Nettleton stepped forward.

"That word again!" shot from between his clenched teeth, and with a blow that was truly a blow he sent the young tory like a thunderbolt against the wall.

With an oath the father darted forward; but Colonel King sprung between the combatants, and waved his hand toward the door.

"Not here, gentlemen," he said: "not here!"

The next minute Jotham Nettleton was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

A COWARDLY SHOT.

We now return to the youthful twain whom we left, at the close of a preceding chapter, beneath the far-stretching limbs of Latty's Magnolia.

Helen Latimer's eyes remained full of wonderment when she asked the boy a question:

"Why do you ask whether I had a brother, Nick? I thought you knew that Bertha and I are father's sole children."

The young partisan hesitated, and his face colored beneath her look.

"I have been dreaming," he answered at length. "When a person dreams the same dream three times it is apt to think of it."

He dared not tell the fair girl of the suspicions he had lately formed.

"So you have dreamed three times that I had a brother?" she said with smile. "What if your dreams be true?"

He laughed and told her that he had never believed in dreams, and for the time the subject was dismissed.

Helen then narrated the story of Colonel Holly's surprise at Azalea.

"Oh! it was glorious to see that豪勇 man fling his sword at Marion's feet," she cried with enthusiasm. "You know Holly is so tall, and the Swamp Fox looked like a boy in stature when he stood in the door and demanded surrender."

"But, Helen, do you think that the colonel would have struck you if Captain Clayton had not sprung before him?"

"I cannot say, but Holly was very mad. I feel that I am indebted to the gallant young captain."

"He is not my enemy," said Nick o' the Night with pride.

"He is Bertha's lover."

"Ah!"

"I accidentally overheard a conversation between him and father yesterday, in which I understand that he came to Azalea as a waster. Oh, Nick, I wonder if all these British officers expect to find wives in America?"

"Perhaps, but many will find graves."

"Yes. This fair State is dotted with the graves of friend and foe to-night—the soldiers of freedom and the lovers of the king. Father says we will be crushed."

"Never!" exclaimed the youth. "Never! while Washington leads the armies of freedom. Helen, America has forever broken the shackles of British slavery, and ere long will stand before the world free and clothed in the beauty of the new life. By and by we will sheath our swords, and with one accord salute the flag that we follow day and night."

She cast the young patriot a look of admiration, and her eyes flashed as the glowing sentences fell ringing from his lips.

Helen Latimer was proud of the boy who professed to love her.

After awhile he told her that Hugh Latimer had discovered the post-office in the tree, and they were debating a course of communication for the future, when a low growl from the dog made them start.

Wing was standing on all fours, and, with bristles up, was looking toward the ford that lay a short distance down the stream. There were two dark objects in the center of the Ashley, and they were advancing slowly toward the bank on which the youthful lovers stood.

"I know them," Helen suddenly whispered. "Essex Wingdon and his son."

"Which one?"

"Lancaster."

"Do you think they are going to Azalea?"

"No, sir! They have struck to the right; they are going home."

"Ah! those gallant Tories have been to Dorchester!" said Nick o' the Night. "They are hawks whose wings should be clipped. For a shilling I'd ride after them and take both down to Marion."

He made a move as if to carry out his words, when Helen touched his arm.

"Stay!" she said. "Let the Tory father and his young hotspur of a son go home un molested. I do not get to see you often, Nick; so let us have our talk out."

He watched the riders until they were hid from view afar in the moonlight, and then turned to the girl again.

It was morning by the measurement of time, though myriads of stars still shone in the sky,

when Helen Latimer with, perhaps, a kiss on her radiant forehead, stole from the river bank, and re-entered the old mansion of Azalea under cover of the oak trees' shade.

She had left the boy outlawed by British proclamation, the boy dreaded by even Lord Rawdon, and hated by every British soldier in South Carolina.

She did not dream that she would soon be an inmate of a British fort—a prisoner in sight, almost, of her own home!

Nick o' the Night mounted Santee shortly after Helen Latimer's departure, his eyes were soft and deep like hers; he had her mouth, and his voice possessed a melody that made hers so winning.

As he hurried over the road his mind reverted to the recontre with Corporal Nettleton.

He could not forget the dragoon, whose face had been photographed on the tablets of his memory. It was plain that he bore a striking resemblance to Helen Latimer; his eyes were soft and deep like hers; he had her mouth, and his voice possessed a melody that made hers so winning.

"I believe I could not kill him, though strongly provoked," the boy said at last, while his horse bore him toward Wingdon Hall. "He looks so much like Helen. I wonder if Hugh Latimer noted the resemblance, while the trooper tarried at Azalea as a member of Colonel Holly's detachment! He may call Helen his child; he may swear that Latimer blood courses through her delicate veins, but he lies. The Latimer blood is thick with love, blind devotion to the English king; Helen's blood is warmed by the love of liberty, and her heart beats fast when she hears that we have put the foe to rout."

Having finished his self-communing, he glanced to the left, and saw an eminence crowned with a mansion of imposing aspect.

It was Wingdon Hall, looking beautiful in the fast fading moonlight, and beneath the golden stars.

It was the home of the Wingdons, who rejoiced when Tarleton won the infamous victory at Waxhaw Creek, and at whose board Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon had drunk to the health of King George the Third.

The first Wingdon who came to America was a cavalier, whose sword flashed in the sunlight of Naseby's field, where the banners of the unfortunate Charles I. fled before the ensigns of Cromwell. Impoverished by long loyalty to the royal cause, and illy repaid from a hampered treasury by grants of land in the new world, he found his heart's Utopia on the banks of the Ashley, where he erected the mansion. A devotee of monarchy, in whose cradle he had been rocked, it is a wonder that he adhered to the royal cause during the Revolution, and that two of his sons actually drew their swords by the side of Cornwallis, and swore to assist in the suppression of American rebellion!

Lancaster, his youngest son, with a heart full of loyalty, wanted to follow his brothers' example, but was persuaded to remain at home much against his desires and resolves. He was a youth whose partisanship was very bitter, and the reader who has witnessed an exhibition of his passion, has no doubt dubbed him a true descendant of young Hotspur.

"Yonder's a nest of Tories," Nick o' the Night said, as if addressing some person at his side. "Some of these fine nights we will ride up here and break it up. I'd like to see old Wingdon froth when he finds himself Marion's prisoner, and, as for that hot-headed son of his, I'd like to cross arms with him. They say he is so strong!"

The horse having reached a road that led to the right, turned in that direction, and the youth smiled his approval.

"I have been dreaming," he answered at length. "When a person dreams the same dream three times it is apt to think of it."

He dared not tell the fair girl of the suspicions he had lately formed.

"So you have dreamed three times that I had a brother?" she said with smile. "What if your dreams be true?"

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HEARTSEASE.

BY MRS. E. S. BRADLEY.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve months together,
The little purple pausy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies;
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses,
And every body loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches
Because he brought me royalty
His biggest plums and peaches
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my book and slate.

"They couldn't see—with pout and fling—
The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To win such admiration;
As it were weren't a dozen girls
With nice eyes and longer curls!"

And this I knew as well as they,
That never was seen so ugly,
Why more than Marion or May
I should be loved so dearly.
So once I asked him why was this,
He only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased him. "Tell me why—
I want to know the reason!"
When from the garden-bed close by
(The pansies were in season)
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
With lilles pale and slender,
With roses very red,
And fuchsias purple splendor;
But over and above the rest
This little heartsease suits me best."

"Am I your little heartsease, then?"
I asked, with blushing pleasure;
He answered yes! and yes again—
Heartsease, and dearest treasure;
That the round world and all the sea
Held nothing half so sweet as me.

I listened with a proud delight—
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed that sudden bright
Would bring me such a joy as this.
Would bring me such a joy as this.

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I have had other losses since
I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

The Cross of Carlyon: OR, THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING
TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER
SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE CHRISTABEL.

WINTER passed and springtime strewed the earth with laughing flowers. It was then that Lochwood showed what a change had been wrought in its vast area.

The well-pruned trees burst forth in the glory of their verdure; roses blushed and breathed their perfume; honeysuckles and clustering vines leaped to the wreath of new garlands everywhere; birds warbled their songs in bush and meadow; the robins were tryste to invite the love-feasts of fairies.

In one of these arbors, as I strolled aimlessly one afternoon, I came upon Miss Christabel. She was fast asleep on the rustic seat, in a sitting posture, her head resting half-sideways on the gnarled back, one arm across her lap, with a book escaping her listless fingers. Her smile was exposed, beaming charms to plunge one's senses in a sea of raptures; and there was the grayish circle on the pink skin.

urging me to get through early, as Lochwood was dull and cheerless without me. There was a P. S. from little Christabel; it said:

"Come right home, Mr. Harrison, or I'll be feasted with you."

I treasured this missive with a jealous pleasure, and sent a cheering reply.

Soon my business was transacted. I had cleared \$7,000. Ordering my buggy from the stables, I made all haste to rejoin the dear ones at Lochwood.

While going at a rattling pace, I met Meggy Merle and little Christabel on the road, heading in the opposite direction. They were almost on a run.

"Meggy, what's the matter?" asked I, reining in the horse.

"The Hawk! The Hawk!" she gasped, huskily. The Hawk! That name again! I had not heard it since the night of my weird visit to the vaults when I first met Miss Christabel.

"The Hawk!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"He's up there at Lochwood. Oh! my poor lady. She'd rather a' met the de'il 'imself' than that man!"

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison!" wailed little Christabel, "we've got to run away and hide. Meggy says he's a wicked, wicked man. I'm afraid he'll hurt mamma. Won't you hurry to her, please?"

At these words of the child, I gave my horse a cut with the whip.

"Take that and remember the place," cried Meggy Merle, tossing a slip of paper into the buggy as I dashed off.

Picking up the slip, I saw that it read: Meggy Merle, S. Dallas street.

She would take the child there for safety, and I could come for her. But why for safety? Who was this man called "The Hawk"? What meant the wail of the child, when she said he would hurt mamma?

Christabel in danger! Gods! how slow the horse went. I struck him with lash and butt till he broke into a gallop; I flew over the road like a shooting specter to the rescue.

Then I was at Lochwood, up the drive, in the house, at the parlor door, and—I paused.

Miss Christabel stood holding to the back of a chair for support; her face was livid in its whiteness, but her eyes—they shone like two small suns, fierce, hot, flashing a dreadful fire. Before her was a tall, stout man, with hawkish visage, snaky orbs, and mien—though dressed expensively—mien of a dare-devil ruffian.

Neither observed me. As I paused he was speaking.

"Yes, my pretty one, it was by the merest accident I discovered that Christabel Carlyon was living at Lochwood—that my beautiful young wife had risen from the grave and claimed surprising heritage. How superb you have grown, to be sure."

"Albert Arly, will you take your hateful presence from this house?"

"Really! What a reception! Come, now, Christi, do not be unreasonable; I can't stand it; I've come to stay."

"Heaven send me a potion of death, rather than your society. Begone!"

"Heigho! my little Christi is fuller of spirit than she used to be."

"Your 'little Christi' died two years ago, Albert Arly."

"Erh! he interrupted, leeringly, "it doesn't seem so; for here she is, alive and well, and in a very sound humor." Then his tone altered to a fierceness: "I'll tell you what; I'm pleased with your beauty, and mean to make you wed me over again."

"Never!"

"Oh, yes. What will prevent me? If you refuse, why, all I have to do, is to publish how you died by the hangman's noose. Think of your child. Ah! I had near forgotten, the servants told me you had a child. Where is she? Is she yours and mine? For her sake, Christi, you'd better."

"No, no!" screamed Miss Christabel, "not for my sake nor for hers, how great the disgrace! No power nor dread can compel me to live again with Albert Arly, a gambler, one whose wickedness has won him the name of 'Hawk! Go—go. Leave me, sir."

"But you shall, Christi!" he cried, taking a step toward her, and grasping her rudely by the arm.

This was too much. I leaped into the room, and set upon him with an insane fury.

At one blow I sent him reeling backward against the mirror, which fell in a crash of pieces.

My madness alone must have intimidated him. Recovering from the blow I had struck him, he rushed for the door, while Miss Christabel sank to her knees, her head bowed low, and both arms clinging round my limbs.

"Clear out!" I shouted. "Begone, or I shall kill you!"

At the door he stopped for a second, and shook his fist with a horrible gesture.

"Your child, Christi—your child! Ha! ha!" then he was gone.

As he disappeared, Miss Christabel fainted and fell heavily.

Ringing for assistance, and seeing her carried to the room, I summoned the stable. When the man came, I said, excitedly:

"If ever you see that person round here again set the dogs on him—every one—and let them tear him into a thousand shreds! Neglect my order, and you'll lose your situation."

The burly fellow gaped in astonishment, but promised to obey.

The shock of the visit on the part of this man whom she detested—her husband, who had previously deserted her in the hour of doom—whatever that doom was—proved a fatal one to Miss Christabel.

She was not down next day, nor the next. Then there were whispers of her illness. I could not remain longer away from her; I sought the darkened, silent room, and was saddened by the sight she presented.

As if at the touch of some withering hand, her beauty had gone, gone utterly and forever, nothing left but a helpless, sinking wreck.

"Mr. Harrison, I am glad to have you with me," she said, faintly, trying to smile, as I took her icy hands in mine.

"Oh, Miss Christabel, are you so ill as this?"

"Yes, ill unto death. I will never get well; I have given up the hope. Look at me—am I myself?"

I averted my face to conceal a shudder.

"I do not try to cheer her with the hope of recovery; what use in it? She knew, and I saw, that she had not long to live. Oh! how I hated Albert Arly. If he and I were to meet again, it would not be well for him."

"Drooping away. Yes—I am going."

I did not try to cheer her with the hope of recovery; what use in it? She knew, and I saw, that she had not long to live. Oh! how I hated Albert Arly. If he and I were to meet again, it would not be well for him.

"Mr. Harrison, my will was made some time ago and duly witnessed. You'll find it in the secret drawer of the desk in the library. I have but a short time left; I must speak while

I have the strength. Give me some of the cordial, on the stand, please."

I obeyed silently. It was a pleasure to minister to her, even though at such a time of awful feeling. The dose revived her, somewhat.

"Everything to my child, Mr. Harrison—

"Promise to guard it for her."

"I will."

"Do you remember what you once said?—that you would transfer your worship to her. Love her tenderly, Mr. Harrison; cherish her for the sake of this poor body, soon to pass away to its final sleep. Christabel is a good girl; she is capable of loving as I did, when I was younger."

How calmly she talked. Surely, this woman could never have committed a wrong in her past life, or she could not thus speak, so sacredly gentle, on the precipice of death and judgment.

Tears flowed freely down my cheeks. She pressed my hands, the mute attempt to soothe my grief. It was a strange reverse of what it should have been: the dying comforting the strong and living.

"Oh! Christabel, how can I lose you so?"

"By being strong, in bowing to the will of the Almighty!"

"His will be done!"

"Have you paid attention, Mr. Harrison? Do you promise?"

"I promise to take care of Christabel, to cherish her as I hope God will cherish my soul when it goes to Him at last!"

"Thank you—thank you. My mind is much relieved."

Then followed a holy, holy stillness; in a few moments she spoke again.

"One thing more, Mr. Harrison. My private diary is in my writing-desk, the key beneath my pillow. Possess yourself of it before the event of my death, or unforeseen accidents might place it in other and curious hands. Read it when I am gone—not until then, remember. My mysteries will be no longer mysteries. I would rather little Christabel never learned what it contains. My life ought to be given to her a sealed tomb. Do you know where she is?"

"Yes; with Meggy Merle."

"Ah! faithful Meggy Merle. She is dear to me, Mr. Harrison."

I said nothing. I had no voice.

"What the diary don't explain she will. She must be always provided with a good home. Do you think you will continue to live here?"

"If you wish."

"I thought it would be so much more pleasant for little Christabel. The place is looking beautiful, and it would keep her removed from the snares of men—bad men. And, Mr. Harrison"—as a thought seemed to strike her suddenly—"bury me in the same lot with your mother. She and you, besides Meggy, were my only true friends."

"What else, Miss Christabel?"

"Nothing. Stop; yes, there is something else. Beware of Albert Arly. Hide and preserve my child from him."

"Is he her father?" I could not refrain from asking.

"Yes—God pity her. She must never know it."

"She shall not."

"There, I believe I'll go to sleep a little, now, Mr. Harrison."

Her sunken eyes closed languidly, she seemed to settle in a peaceful slumber. For some moments I remained at the bedside, watching her, thinking of her.

I found the key beneath the pillow, as she had informed me, and obtained the diary from her writing-desk. A long, thick, black morocco book, most too bulky for my pocket, and fastened with a silver clasp.

The servants, many of them who had learned to love their strange mistress, were gathered in groups down-stairs, some sobbing the woes they felt.

But mine was the woe of a hundred tortures.

I dispatched a servant to the address of Meggy Merle, bearing a note which ran briefly thus:

"Meggy—You had better return at once to Lochwood. Miss Christabel has been quite sick for several days, and I fear that she is about to leave us. Do not alarm little Christabel. Break it gently, Meggy, and come without any delay. J. H."

But the servant came back, saying that there was no such person to be found anywhere in Dallas street. I was about to depart for the city myself, after Meggy—thinking it was a mere blunder on the part of my messenger—when I was summoned hastily to the side of Miss Christabel.

On, still on, until the dark column reached the stockade, and springing upon the shoulders of his braves, the daring White Slayer was the next instant upon the top of the wall, his wild war-whoop echoing defiance and triumph.

But, ere the echo died away, a tall form

sprung beside him from the inner side of the wall; then came the gleam of a knife, a thud, another glister of the blade, and the brave young chief was hurled back among his warriors cut to the heart, and scalped.

Then arose a wild war-cry, well known to many there, and those who had heard it before knew that Red-Hand, the Scout, had slain their chief.

The doctor was there. He could do no more.

He said her sickness was not of a kind within the reach of medicine. It was her last hour. Then I counted the minutes with bated breath.

Toward midnight Miss Christabel opened her eyes. They flashed with their old-time luster, fixed steadily on me; she smiled and murmured:

"Mr. Harrison—my child!"

Then, with this expiring glimmer, her life went out. Oh, God! how could I realize it? My own life seemed to exhaust itself, too.

They had to drag me away from her side, while I shrieked, deliriously:

"Christabel! Christabel!" as if my voice could follow her in the spirit flight to lands in the hallowed Beyond!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 321.)

RECOMPENSE.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Oh, what is joy but perfect sadness! And what is any song of gladness but the triumphant end of tears?

"The world is a desolate place, With fragrant roses out of Eden, Has paid their cost in woe-fraught years!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

DRIVEN TO HIS LAIR.

As the stampede became general, two men mounted their horses and dashed rapidly away up the gorge.

But upon their track rode a small party that had dashed out of the stronghold in hot pursuit, and had been joined by two others, who gladly gave chase.

The two who were flying in advance for their lives, were the Hermit Chief and Kansas King, both bitterly cursing their misfortune.

The three men who had ridden in the chase were Captain Archer and Tom Sun, the latter having left the retreat in the valley to guide the troopers to the rescue of the stronghold, for, true to his word, Wentworth, the courier, had brought on at mad speed all the cavalrymen whose horses could stand the hard ride,

arms, and awaiting the coming of their foes, which all knew were to hurl themselves against them that night.

Since the day before, when he had left the valley retreat with Tom Sun, Red Hand had been constantly on the move, scouting about the hills, and his reconnaissance had wholly discovered the intended plan of attack decided upon by the Indians.

According to promise, Pearl had met him in the gorge and told him that from the ledge she had witnessed the coming of Kansas King, and heard all that had passed between him and her father, who had told the outlaw chief that the night following he would come to his camp with five hundred warriors, and that they would together move on the miners' strong-

hold, leaving Major Wells and the remainder of the battalion to follow more leisurely.

There were five men in hot chase of the Hermit Chief and the outlaw leader—five men determined to capture them or die in the attempt.

On flew the two chiefs up the dark gorge, and like bloodhounds on the trail, rode Red-Hand and his followers.

Up the valley, over the hills, through canyon, up to the base of the hill whereon stood the hermit's cabin.

Here the two fugitives sprung from their horses and darted up the steep ascent.

But close behind them was Red-Hand, and strong out behind him were the other four.

At last the ledge was reached, and upon it the lion turned at bay, for he saw that the Scout was close behind him.

Like an enraged beast the Hermit Chief cried:

"Tracked to my lair at last—at last; but, Vincent Vernon, you shall die!"

With gleaming knife the old hermit sprung forward, but Red-Hand, with a cry of rage, as though he recognized the man before him, and had some bitter injury of the past to avenge, met him with a terrible earnestness—ay, met him to hurl him back from him with a strength that was marvelous, and with one plunge of his blade sent its keen point deep into the broad bosom of his foe.

One stifled cry, and the Hermit Chief fell back his full length upon the hard rock, just as Kansas King, who had found the door of the cabin barred against him, turned at bay, to be met by a blow from the pistol butt of the gallant Paddy, which felled him, stunned, to the earth.

Arriving at the stronghold, Red Hand at once arranged his forces to meet the attack, and then all awaited the coming storm of bat-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

STAY, I'VE A MESSAGE!

BY FRANCIS M. IMPERIE.

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OLD DAN RACKBACK, The Great Exterminator; OR, THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM," will commence in our next issue. As already announced this is the delightful author's last, longest and in some respects his best work.

A Quaint, Queer, Curious Character, Old Dan is—an oddity among odd men, simple as a child, brave as a lion, true as the needle in his love for his horse and dog to form the "Triangle," his name, deeds and adventures became famous from Northern Dakota to the Rio Grande. In this extremely interesting and very exciting romance of the Niobrara country he runs his race, "sculps" his last red-skin, cracks his last joke and makes his last trail.

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Prairie Pirates, Hill Outlaws, Sioux, United States Troopers, Detectives, the Boy Rangers, and funny Old Kit Baudy—all are active actors in the novel romance, whose perusal will excite an unending delight.

COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM'S Without a Heart;

OR,
WALKING ON THE BRINK, commences in this number of our paper. As a revelation of a Girl's Heart it is of almost startling power, while as a story of a Woman's daring ambition it is exciting and enchanting.

This woman "without a heart" is a lie even to herself—a very beautiful lie, but no enigma, for her motive is not a mystery, and though her fate is commensurate with her sin we need but to mingle admiration and pity with our condemnation.

In keeping with this fine creation are four or five male characters, whose share in the most exciting drama of her life, is an eventful one for all. Their firm handling shows the author's mastery in a commanding light, and will insure for this, his most elaborate and best wrought story, a very hearty welcome.

Grace Mortimer, author of the volume noticed below—"The Two Barbars"—has written for us an exceedingly powerful and deeply absorbing story, *viz.*:

THREE LINKS IN LOVE'S CHAIN, which we will soon give in the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Among the pleasant books which have drifted to our table we may mention THE TWO BARBARS, by our contributor, Grace Mortimer. It is just issued by Carleton and is one of this very popular writer's most pleasing and impressive stories.

THE BEST THOUGHTS AND DISCOURSES of Rev. D. L. Moody, is a compilation made by our contributor, Abbie Clemens Morrow. It is a very neat and attractive volume, now selling largely. The great evangelist, in these extracts from his sermons and sayings, appears in very pleasant guise, and the volume deserves a place beside Beecher's "Life Thoughts" and Spurgeon's "Living Treasures."

Sunshine Papers.

Meditations—Funereally.

I.

"So, really! Miss Trelawney dead; poor thing! It seems to me I heard some one say she was ill—let me see; what ailed her? Pneumonia? Sure enough! It was Mrs. Calver was telling me, only a day or two ago, that Cora Trelawney told Miss Wisnar, and Mrs. Wisnar told Mrs. Guella, that Helen Trelawney had the pneumonia—got cold leaving off a seal-skin sacque, to wear a new silk suit. Well, girls will be imprudent; I only wonder that mothers are so neglectful as to allow their daughters to sacrifice health to pride. My Clara shall wear an extra vest under her new suit next Sunday. No—she cannot do that either; I've made the basque so tight—she has such a pretty figure—that it would not fasten at all over any extra thickness. Perhaps, if it is not very warm, I'll keep her home over another week. Though that would quite break her heart; besides, I am so anxious to see if her dress will not surpass the Misses Legances', and to have her come out in it the same day that they do in theirs, that they may see that there are patterns quite as handsome and as readily procured as their own;—la! my girls never get cold, anyway; they look delicate, but I find they can endure a great deal of exposure.

I must see when Miss Trelawney is to be buried. On Tuesday. Now, I do declare, I call that shameful! Only died Sunday, and to be hustled out of the way by to-morrow. It is dreadful, I think, to treat one's friends as if one

was in a hurry to get rid of them. None of my family should be buried with such indecent haste. Not that I would keep them a whole week, as Mrs. Ambler did her mother, and then bury them on a Friday. Ugh! to bury one's mother on a Friday, such an unlucky day—why, I should expect something dreadful to happen to me if I was buried on a Friday! Though of course, as Mrs. Ambler remarked, with a great deal of levity, I thought, for such a solemn occasion as a call of condolence, when I mentioned my views on that subject, 'it is not probable that the day of burial can affect allowing such a thing.' And though she did the corpse much.' No, but as I said to her, 'Mrs. Ambler, that is very true, but I should expect something dreadful to happen to me for smile, and say she believed Friday as good a day as any of the seven, she cannot convince me that that bridge would have broken, and the train have been smashed, and Fanny Tilden's husband have been killed if they had not have been married upon a Friday. Punishment will come to such stiff-necked people as persist in flying in the face of Providence!

"To be buried from the house at two o'clock, eh? I shall surely go, for the Trelawneys are people that will have everything arranged stylishly. Of course the family will keep up stairs; that is the fashion now, and one will not have much chance to see them. I suppose Mrs. Trelawney will put on black, though Helen was only her step-daughter; but I do not know about the girls. Annie may, because it will be becoming; but if Belle does I'll venture to say it will be a great trial to her, for she will look like a fright in it. I would like to get a peep up-stairs, at the mourners. I have always wanted to see how Trelawney's second floor was furnished. I was so sorry I missed attending Mrs. Grandee's funeral; such a chance as it was to see that house, and it is said to be so fine. The Marstons will be among the mourners, I suppose, as Fred Marston and Miss Trelawney were engaged; and they will send flowers, and perhaps put on black for the day. There will be nice flowers, no doubt. The Marstons are very wealthy and the Trelawneys have a large circle of friends. Well, I am glad I am not so intimate as to be expected to send any. If one gives flowers at all one wants to send as handsome as every one else, and they do cost so like the mischief that at the funeral you can't help thinking of the bills you might have settled with that money. Yes, I am glad there is no necessity for my sending any to the Trelawneys.

"I presume they will have crowded parlors. I wonder what I had better wear. My black silk suit and black velvet bonnet, I suppose; though it does seem a shame that it is not a proper place in which to appear out in that lovely light brown silk that Madame de Stile is to send home to-day; and I know I shall be thinking of that love of a bonnet—the cream feather and pink roses are so becoming. But I would not do to wear it, of course not, and I am not one of the kind who go to places merely to show their apparel. I think it awfully reprehensible the way some people set their hearts on dress! I wonder if my new diamond ear-rings would be amiss? What a lovely pair Helen Trelawney had! Dear! dear! poor girl, to think she cannot wear them any more!"

DRIFTING.

HAVE you ever noticed how many persons there are who appear to be drifting through life, with no purpose in living, with no ambition to do anything, or be anything, content to float along wherever the current chooses to carry them? I think such individuals need walking—some one to spur them on, and show them how to pull against the stream. Some people do not seem to care how they live so that they do live. They are careless as to how they get along. If they make mistakes it seems to be too much trouble to correct them themselves. They let people impose upon them and cheat them, because they haven't energy to stand up for their own rights; to notice the matter would cause them too much excitement, and excitement would kill such slothful creatures.

Supposing no one strived to get ahead, but all were content to just drift along, how much progress would be made in the arts and sciences—how many noble deeds would be done—how many good works would be accomplished? I think people would feel happier to visit the recipients of their bounty in person than to trust it to some society. Don't think, by that remark, I mean to condemn societies, and am endeavoring to lead you to suppose that they are not honest, and that they accomplish no good, for such is far from my meaning. We need many of these societies, and the more good ones formed the better. I mean to imply that we would be more willing to exert ourselves in behalf of the poor—to stir about and notice the good one's gifts are capable of conferring. We should then know how sweet the blessings bestowed upon us would sound. We should take a deep interest in those we are helping. Must it not be a pleasure to our footstep is listened for by some one whom we can make happy; that some caretow features will be lit up; with smiles at our presence; to find that our hand is clasped in true, pure and grateful love? Do we feel all this when we drop our money in the contribution box, or put our names down on some society list? Don't stop putting money in the contribution box, and don't discontinue helping the societies' work, but don't leave it all there and think you have nothing more to do, or that your duty is done, for it is not done. There's a deal of personal work of charity for all yet to do, and if we worked, instead of drifting along, there'd be a vast deal less suffering, want and misery than there now is.

Some are too apt to doubt the Scriptures, and so give up praying, drifting away from the holy truths; and the promises made they have not enough reliance on. They complain that their prayers are not answered. May be they ask too much, and think what they receive is too little. Perhaps their prayers are not answered in just the way they wish, yet I believe sincere and worthy petitions are always granted. Many requests are not worthy of being answered. Numbers ask for what they have no need. Yes, and what a quantity of people expect to drift into Heaven without saying one kind word, or doing one good deed to get there! They drift along and drift along, but they often drift into the whirlpool than the pleasant, peaceful haven.

Many drift away from their haven and Heaven by drifting into sin. A person does not become a hardened sinner at one bound—it is step by step, by drifting from one crime to another, ever drifting forward, having neither the will nor inclination to turn back. In an old play we read:

"Tis in man's choice never to sin at all,

But, sinning once, to stop exceeds our power."

I fear the trouble is that he does not care to stop, or doesn't try hard enough to do so.

After a person has committed one crime it doesn't come so very hard for him to commit another; and so he drifts along from bad to

worse until he considers it too late to mend, and so gives up all idea of reformation. The dark course is commenced by wicked thoughts; these darksome thoughts drift into wicked deeds, until many a one is lost in the whirlpool—Remorse. Then comes the time they would give their lives to be free from blot and stain.

Yes, we drift, drift, drift; wanting all the time to wear the laurel crown of victory, yet unwilling to go into the war; wishing others to give our battles and we reap all the honor and glory.

We let the oars drop and allow our boat to drift where it will, and we drift with it. We are too lazy to row along; have no ambition or energy to steer into a haven when night and darkness overtake us.

Wake! Arouse! Don't drift along, but work along, and work with energy and will!

—EVE LAWLESS.

—Our contributor, Buffalo Bill has met with a sad loss in the death of his beautiful boy, Kit Carson Cody—to whose decease the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, of April 21st, thus advertises:

"Little Kit Carson Cody, the son of Hon. William F. Cody, (Buffalo Bill,) died at the residence of the family, No. 10 New York street, about six o'clock last evening. The little one was taken ill only a few days ago with scarlet fever. That treacherous disease which has caused so much mourning throughout the families of this city, had but too sure a hold upon the bright little lad, and last evening his eyes closed in their last sleep. His father reached the city the day before, and thus had the melancholy satisfaction of being present when the spirit of the boy, who was his greatest pride, passed away.

"Kit Carson Cody, named after the celebrated scout, was born at Fort McPherson, Lincoln county, Nebraska, in November, 1870, and was therefore five years and five months old. He was an unusually handsome, intelligent and lively little fellow, and wherever he went, whether with his father in the Far West or in the cities of the East, was at once a great favorite and pet. His death is indeed a sad blow to the parents who doted on him, and to the many other people with whom he was so great a favorite."

The father and mother, we are sure, have the heartfelt sympathy of all who know what bereavement is. No one can realize the nature of such a loss those who have been called to bear it.

Foolscap Papers.

Grand Centennial March.

WHILE I was sitting in my room this morning, trying to keep on as good terms with this boil on the back of my neck and perusing the book of Job to find out if he wasn't just a little more afflicted than I was, which would at least be some satisfaction, the entrance of a young man with much head, caused me to turn suddenly around and injure the serenity of said boil in a breaking-neck degree of unquenchable severity. (The above-mentioned boil is a regular boiler.)

He shut the door with a slam, and said his name was Mr. Pilkins, but I needn't be particular about that, as he usually went by the name of Bob, and by profession was a musical composer, though his present occupation was wood-sawing.

Here he spit with utmost precision on a white spot on the carpet and said that his whole soul and body were completely absorbed in music, which, as I well know, is defined by Webster as "sweetened noise swallowed by the thirsty ear."

I could very readily see that this body had been nearly absorbed by music, for it was so little that it was nearly gone, and what remained seemed to be endeavoring to leave its clothes by way of the holes in the knees and elbows.

He said he would take a seat, as musical composition removed his strength in a great degree, and I saw that he was weak, very weak; yes, I might say that he was two weeks, and he was a regular umbrella.

It was now noticed that the umbrella was not so good as it had been, and the ferrule of the umbrella punched the other's eye so severely that he nearly lost the sight of it. The man with the umbrella was moving to the left when the collision occurred. The injured party brought suit to recover \$299.99 damages. The defense was a demurral, that there was no cause of action; that it was too remote; that it was, in fact, merely a mote in the plaintiff's eye. The demurral was overruled. The defense then set up accident; but the Justice then laid down the law to be that the rule of keeping to the right was applicable to pedestrianism as well as driving, and that a person carrying an umbrella bears to another person not carrying one the same relation that a steamer does to a sailing vessel—the man with the umbrella must keep out of the other's way. Judgment for plaintiff, as prayed for in the complaint. Now the next time we get an eye punched out by young Snob's old Hoggs' umbrella we'll know what to do.

—The discoveries of quicksilver and sulphuric acid made near Steamboat Springs, eleven miles from Reno, Nevada, have culminated in an excitement of the wildest kind. The prospects look bright for a regular quicksilver mania, as the whole section for miles west of the Springs is said to be rich in cinabarin. We knew the region was renowned for its multitudinous whisker-bar and black b'ar; but now that it is added to its diminished b'ar.

—Another to be made silver is the silver b'ar, however. It moves so slow through Uncle Sam's fingers that it takes two men and a cash-boy five hours at the Treasury counter to get ten dollars' worth of greasy fractional currency changed into quarters.

—M. Gantier, in his recent work on chemistry, estimates that there are annually extracted from the bowels of the earth and consumed 130,000,000 tons of carbon, or 98,000,000 tons of carbon, which, therefore, annually produces 45 per cent. of carbonic acid; 98,000,000 tons of carbonic acid, or 98,000,000 tons of carbonic acid, and assuming, as a moderate calculation, that the remaining cases of combustion—wood, oils, etc.—represent the fifth of the preceding quantity, it follows that manufactures, navigation and domestic economy pour into the atmosphere the prodigious quantity of 427,000,000 tons of carbonic acid a year.

—The worthy disciple of Harmony said, as he blew his nose on the last piece of handkerchief, and glanced at the sun with evident satisfaction, underlying a layer of dirty shirt-bosom, that the music was a great deal larger than it looked there; for want of space he had written on it a scale of half-inch to the foot, but to be properly comprehended it ought to be written on the whole side of a barn, and some of the notes are so big that it takes several instruments with the accompanying men to make them.

—He said he would take a seat, as musical composition removed his strength in a great degree, and I saw that he was weak, very weak; yes, I might say that he was two weeks, and he was a regular umbrella.

It was now noticed that the umbrella was not so good as it had been, and the ferrule of the umbrella punched the other's eye so severely that he nearly lost the sight of it. The man with the umbrella was moving to the left when the collision occurred. The injured party brought suit to recover \$299.99 damages. The defense was a demurral, that there was no cause of action; that it was too remote; that it was, in fact, merely a mote in the plaintiff's eye.

—The disciples of Lavater and Spurzheim will tell you that physiology and phr.-nology are infallible tests of character. But

"The best laid plans of mice and men

as was illustrated at a recent trial: A man entered the crowded court-room one day, and looking eagerly around, asked of a bystander which were the prisoners. A wag, without moving a muscle, pointed to the jury-box, and said:

"There they are, in that box?"

"I thought so!" said the inquirer in a whisper.

"What's a set of gallows-looking wretches they are. If there's anything in physiology and phr.-nology, they deserve hanging, anyhow!"

The jury were all "picked men" of that re-

—That the English are not above picking up a good thing is proved by the fact that Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, presided at a spelling-bee between twenty-five ladies and twenty-five gentlemen. Sir Charles remarked that it was a singular fact that educated English people were often deficient in spelling. He hoped to see as good results from these matches in England as he had seen in America, and suggested geographical and historical public competitions. "We are sorry to know that these 'spelling-bees' have been less in vogue with us this past winter than during the previous year. They did great good and ought to be encouraged. Here is a contribution for exercise:

Menageries where slenth-hounds caracole,

Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnu

Frigid phalangian and kestrel check by jowl

Gant-songah, in crotchetty cockades

With scine net trawl for porpoise in lagoons;

While scullions gauge erratic escapades

A MAY SONG.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

We went a-Maying, Kate and I—
A may lass was she and tender;
The summer sunlight in her eye,
And in her face the summer splendor.
Across the meadow through the grove—
How soft the wind did seem to us—
My hands were brimming full of love,
Her hands were brimming full of flowers.
My darling Kate, my royal Kate,
Still side by side our lives are straying,
As on the day I met my fate,
When you and I, love, went a-Maying.
She would not listen to my words.
She laughed at all my fair endeavor,
And mocked with her pertinacity
The birds that sing their love forever;
While on we went, through grove and glen,
Sunk ankle deep in fragrant clover,
Till like all weak and blinded men
I vowed she had a secret lover.
An open one, 'she said, and laid
Her hand in mine in tender fashion;
I heard the rustling of the glade
His heart's own thrill of love and passion.
I felt the spirit of his tune,
I clasped her close in warm embraces,
While merry May to fervent June
Bloomed in our hearts and on our faces.
My darling Kate, my royal Kate,
Still side by side our lives are straying,
As on the day I met my fate,
When you and I, love, went a-Maying.

Without a Heart:
WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY,"
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

GOD'S REBUKE.

OVER hill and valley, over mountain and river, a shadow was creeping—but not the shadow of night, for the day was not far spent, and the sun had yet a long course to run ere its setting.

But the skies were overcast with flying clouds, the forerunners of the storm sweeping up from the east, and shielding the earth from sunlight, while the deep rumble of muffled thunder was borne ominously along the wind, and echoed, like the roll of a hundred guns, among the mountain glens.

Surveying the scene of beauty, with the rushing river, reflecting back the storm-clouds, at her feet, and mountains rising far heavenward upon the other bank, stood a young girl, gracefully reclining against a huge moss-grown rock, to which was tied a small, rudely made skiff.

The maiden seemed lost in deep reverie, while her eyes were turned earnestly upon a massive stone structure, a mile up the river, and sheltered by the overhanging hills upon the other bank.

The face of the maiden, though bronzed by exposure, was strangely beautiful, while in the large, dark-blue eyes dwelt a weird look that was most fascinating.

The head was carried with a haughty pose, and every feature was perfect and stamped with conscious power, even though but seventeen years had touched with sunlight her golden hair.

Though clad in a coarse frock of home-spun, the form of the maiden displayed its perfect symmetry, and her every motion was one of yielding grace.

From the rock, against which the young girl leant, a path wound back through a picturesque glen, nestled in which, as if hiding from the din of the outside world, was a pretty cottage—the home of joy and contentment, it would seem, for that care and sorrow should ever cross the threshold of that lovely, but humble home, one could not believe.

Down the pathway came a woman with quick and nervous step, a wiry form, and the sharp, disagreeable face of a scold, while her small, suspicious eyes snapped with anger.

Unobserved by the dreamer, she drew near the rock, and then her shrill tones cut the crisp air, causing the young girl to start, and her face to flush with anger.

"This is the way you do as I tell you, Miss!

Well, my life is a misery looking after you.

"An hour ago I told you to bring me some fish from the river, and you have not moved, and it is time for you to drive the cow home."

"I will go after the cow now, auntie," mildly replied the girl.

"Of course you will, and then you shall go out and fish upon the river, and—"

"A storm is coming up, and—"

"I have eyes, girl; but you are terribly afraid of a ducking—the storm won't hurt your clothes."

"No, but I might be drowned."

"And good for you if you was, for except to stand here looking over at the University, you are good for nothing."

"Just let me catch any of those students sneaking round my home, and I guess they'll find it hot for them."

"I am certain they would—your presence would add heat to the devil's dominions," retorted the girl, stinging, as her anger arose, and then, with a light laugh, she bounded away through the woods in search of the cow, which it was her duty to look after.

Still scolding, the woman retraced her way toward the cottage, while the girl hurried along up the river-bank for a short distance, until she suddenly came upon an open space, bordered upon one side by a broad highway traversing the country.

As she was about to cross the opening, for the tinkling of a bell told her that the object of her search was not far distant, she started back and crouched down in the thicket, for, not fifty paces from her, she beheld a strange scene for that lonely spot, miles from village or town.

In the opening in the woods stood half a dozen men, and upon the face of each rested a gloomy shadow—not reflected thereon by the gathering storm-clouds, but the shadow of approaching evil.

It was a mysterious group, a sad scene, and one which the eye of no woman should ever rest upon, and to her dying day, ever haunted her memory, for the deed of that morning was one not to be idly banished from her thoughts.

Two of those six men were crouched upon the ground before open cases filled with glittering instruments, while two more conversed earnestly together and in low tones, as though they feared the winds might bear their words away, to carry sorrow and gloom into some faraway home.

The two principal figures in the six were, one pacing quickly to and fro, the other standing upright, his arms crossed upon his broad breast, his eyes cast down.

Both were persons who would attract attention in any assemblage, and yet very unlike each other, for one was a blonde, with the

bluest eyes and the goldenest hair, and long, drooping mustache; the other the darkest brute, with hair and beard and eyes as black as jet.

The face of the former was one that any woman or child would gaze into and trust; the face of the latter neither man, woman or child could read—it was hard, stern, and strikingly handsome.

Unnoticed herself, the young girl crouched down in the thicket, afraid to retreat, afraid to move, and with straining eyes gazed upon the scene, following each movement of each individual in the group.

That the shadow of death rested on them she knew, and her heart almost ceased beating when the two men who had been conversing together approached the two who were standing apart, and placed in their hands two long, glittering weapons of deadly look.

A few moments more, and the six men stood erect, the two who had most attracted the attention of the young girl face to face, and about fifteen paces apart—the others upon one side.

Then a silence fell upon all, and even the birds in the woods ceased their song, and only the angry roar of the distant tempest broke upon the ear, and all nature seemed hushed with dread.

An instant only, but an age of agony to all who were there, passed away, and then in metallic tones, like the voice of a destroying angel, cut forth the words:

"Gentlemen! are you ready?"

Each man, who stood there upon the brink of the grave, looking calmly into eternity, merely bowed assent, and again the crisp tones of the second cut the air with startling distinctness:

presence upon the lonely scene they had sought for a meeting across an open grave.

CHAPTER II.

PECKING AT THE BARS.

WHEN the maiden returned to consciousness, for she had swooned away at the, to her, awful scene, she found herself alone, for no longer was the open space occupied by those who had been there; their cruel work was done and they had gone.

With an effort of control the young girl regained her composure, though her face still wore a white, scared look, and she gazed staringly toward the spot where had lain the form of the man who had fallen before the aim of his foe.

How long she had been unconscious she knew not; but it could not have been many minutes, for the storm had not yet broken upon the earth, though the roar of its approach sounded louder and louder, and the lightning flashed blood flows in our veins.

"Must I remain here forever when I know my beauty and my power?"

"Or, must I escape to the beautiful world and become a belle, as all beautiful women can?"

"No, I am a slave here, and here must remain; yet I cannot but flee at my imprisonment—ha! I hear the shrill voice of auntie calling me, and I must off to the river."

So saying the maiden cast another shuddering glance upon the red stain which the earth was slowly drinking up, and with a light step bounded away toward the river bank.

Arriving there she found the waters growing darker and darker under the gloom of the heavens, and beheld that the storm was gathering its skurrying legions of storm-clouds together for the fray, which she knew would burst with fury soon.

"She is a beautiful woman, but her image did not protect him she loved; yes, I see all now—she is strangely like the one who fired the death-shot: *the brother killed the lover!*"

Thus mused the maiden, as she returned the photograph and letter to the envelope, and securely hid them in her bosom, while her face flushed and eyes sparkled as she continued musing half aloud.

"Oh, that I could be once more in the beautiful world I knew as a child, but from which, for four years I have been banished."

"I am beautiful, I know, and beauty is power, for I have this day seen one man die at the hand of another, and a woman lured him on to his ruin."

"Girl that I am, I feel that I could win hearts—ay, make men my very slaves; but my power must not be felt, for I am imprisoned here, and all I have in the world to care for me is a woman I hate, even though kindred blood flows in our veins."

"Must I remain here forever when I know my beauty and my power?"

"Or, must I escape to the beautiful world and become a belle, as all beautiful women can?"

"No, I am a slave here, and here must remain; yet I cannot but flee at my imprisonment—ha! I hear the shrill voice of auntie calling me, and I must off to the river."

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"Then, with a despairing cry, as though the hopes of a life-time were shattered at one fell blow, she sank down and buried her face in her bony hands.

she cried for her to come back. Buf, unheeding, the maiden sped swiftly on, and a troubled look came upon the woman's face, while she cried anxiously, "My God! she will surely drown—curse her recklessness—no, no, she must not drown, for though I hate her, yet she must not die, or my life-long plot will fail, and I will lose all, riches, revenge and all."

"Come back, girl! fool that you are, do you not see your danger? Come back, come back!"

In vain the cry; the maiden still kept on until she reached mid-river, and there, throwing out her anchor, she calmly sat down to kidnap from the dark waters the evening meal for herself and scolding aunt, while she really enjoyed the fright of the woman whom she spied upon the shore, and whose voice she plainly heard, though heeded not.

As the lightning flashed more brightly, and the storm waxed more viciously, and the thunder rolled with deeper and more threatening sound, the face of the woman grew paler, and louder and louder she shrieked to the thoughtless girl.

Louder and louder rung out her cries, until the long-coming storm at length was upon the waiting scene with a burst of fury, and before the scattering winds the waters were lashed into madness, a darkness like unto night fell upon the earth, and with terror at the violence of the tempest, the woman shrunk back under the shelter of the huge rock, crying out, "She is lost, she is lost! Yes, the waves have washed over her, and I shall never see her more."

Then, with a despairing cry, as though the hopes of a life-time were shattered at one fell blow, she sank down and buried her face in her bony hands.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MASTER OF THE YACHT.

Within the massive walls of the University, upon which the eyes of the maiden had been turned from her position near the rock, sat a young man, indolently gazing from the window of his comfortably furnished room, and apparently in deep and melancholy thought.

In his hand he held an open letter, and it was what he had therein read that clouded his brow and set him to musing.

Apparently twenty-five years of age, he was yet several years younger, for his life of wild dissipation had added maturity and hard lines to his face which otherwise would have been unmarred.

Still it was a handsome face, dark, fascinating, in spite of its expression, and in the eyes dwelt a look hard to fathom.

He was attired in the light of fashion, and his chamber was furnished almost luxuriously. Around the walls hung sketches and paintings from his own pencil and brush, while a guitar upon the floor, and a flute upon the table, proved that he was a lover of music.

Other articles of pastime, a pair of foils, a shot-gun, and a brace of pistols, hung upon the wall, and a decanter of brandy and glasses were upon a sideboard.

But, unmindful of the interior comforts of his temporary home, all of which portrayed the student of wealth, refinement and unlimited indulgence, the young lord of this luxuriant chamber wistfully gazed without, yet seemingly unconscious of the approaching storm, looming grandly up from behind the hills upon the river's other shore.

Presently he raised the open letter in his hand, and read, written in a delicate, feminine hand:

"Oh, Claude, if you would but relinquish your wild life, then I would love you so dearly; but as it is not you must be the last letter I must ever write to you."

"Blame not, Claude, my brother Mark, for he certainly should advise me of your wild course at college, and being constantly near you has every opportunity to do you as you are."

"If it were not for your wild life, Mark would gladly see me one day become your wife; but, as it is, he forbids me to write to you again, and, though I hate sadly to give you up, I must do so—at least, until you prove yourself worthy of my love; then all will be well again, Claude, and I need not reproach you more."

"Remember, Claude, when you have proven yourself the true man I long to see you, come to me, and I will prove how dearly I love you."

The student paused, raised his eyes again to the scenery without, and said:

"Poor, darling Louise; you are worth the sacrifice, and I will prove myself worthy of your love—Ha! yonder is that fair maid again at the rock—I would give a cool hundred to speak to her—and I will."

As if instantly forgetting his new resolve, and the maiden who had temporarily won him away from his evil life, Claude Clinton, the handsome, dashing, wild and reckless heir of a large fortune, arose quickly, and, shoving the letter into his pocket, seized his cap and rapidly descended from his rooms to the campus.

Down the gravel walk to the river walked the handsome student, until he halted upon a pier, against which were moored several small sail-boats, or yachts, belonging to the students and the college.

Into one of the largest and handsomest of these Claude Clinton sprang, and instantly raised the sail and cast off.

A light breeze was blowing, and the little yacht gilded away, and yet, though the student knew that the threatening storm must soon break upon him, he showed no fear, but boldly began to tack across the river.

After twenty minutes' sailing, Claude Clinton beheld a light skiff shoot out from the other shore and row directly for the middle of the river.

"By Heaven! she is a brave girl to coolly throw out her line in the face of the tempest. Ha! there comes a warning; I must luff up and reef."

So saying the student brought his little craft up into the wind, lowered his sail, and soon had all snugly reefed down.

As he again sprung to his tiller, the storm was upon him, and at once he knew his danger and felt also, that if he could not aid the young girl in her frail skiff she would be lost.

Sped his yacht, held firmly on her course, but running lee under, pressed over by the mad winds, while the waters were lashed into a foaming caldron, and around him all was almost as dark as night.

He had already crossed the position of the skiff, ere the storm struck it, and directly toward the spot he held his way, his eyes narrowly searching the waters.

A moment more and a white object caught his eye—it was the upturned skiff!

Searchingly he scanned the mad waters, but nowhere visible was the form for which he looked, and in a tone of real anguish, he cried:

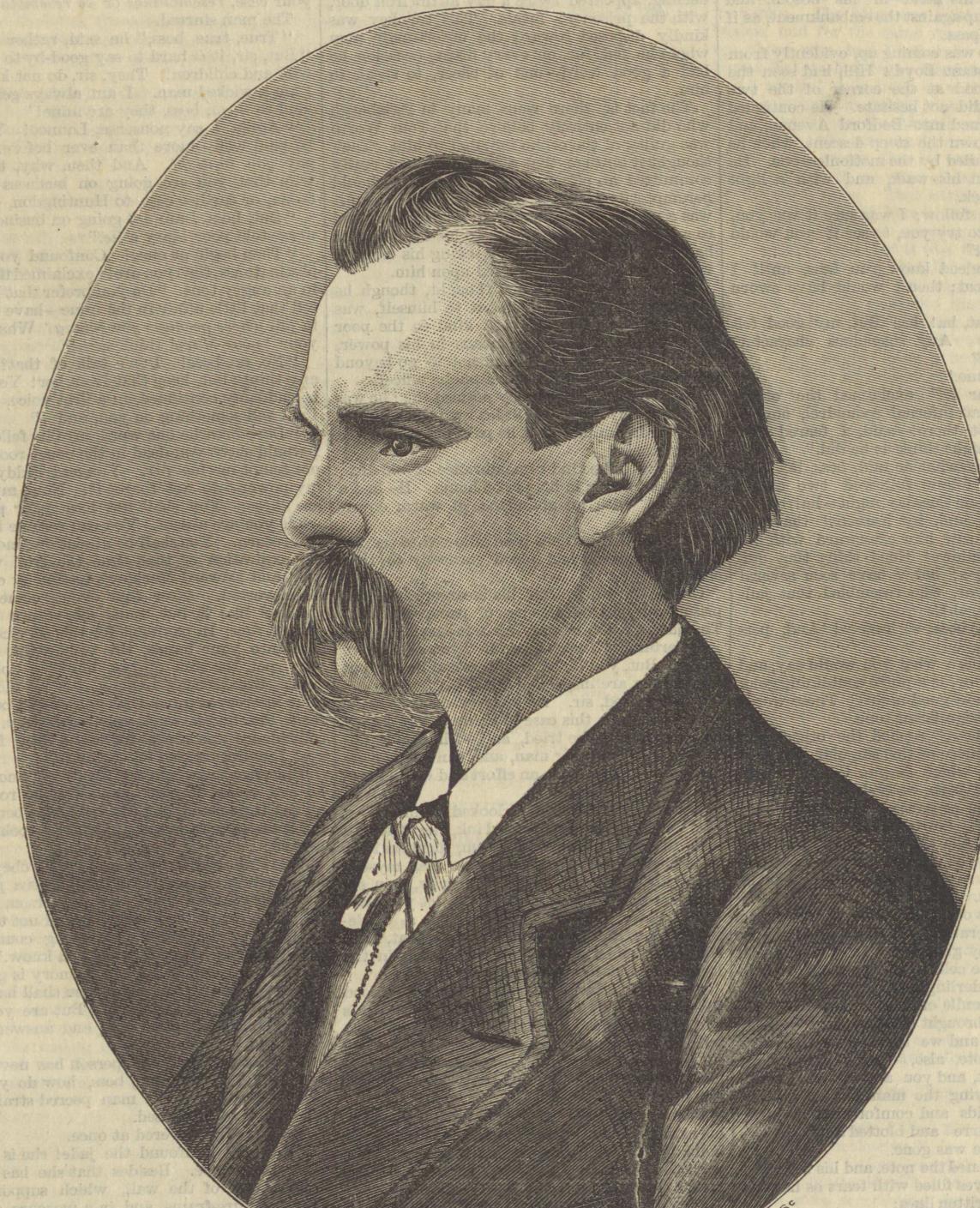
"My God! she is lost! Poor, poor girl."

CHAPTER IV.

A GIRL'S RESOLVE TO CONQUER.

WHEN Claude Clinton felt certain that the maiden was lost, he put his little craft about, for it was buffeted hard by the cruel waves, and was endeavoring to reach the University pier, when, suddenly, he descried a human form in the waters.

One glance out over the river, and she held the light skiff bounding away, and loudly



He recognized her by the long golden braids of hair floating behind her, and instantly cried out in ringing tones:

"Keep where you are, Miss, and I will run to windward of you."

Up to that moment the maiden had believed herself lost, yet, since her frail skiff had capsized, she had determined to struggle for life.

Glancing behind her at the call, for she had not before seen the yacht, she instantly felt relieved with hope, waved her hand in reply, and the next moment was drawn on board the little craft.

Claude Clinton had often before seen the maiden upon the river, and time and again had endeavored to approach her, but always had eluded him, while she had as often admired the handsome young student, and shunned him through dread of her aunt's displeasure, though she loved to meet him.

Now the two were face to face, and to the student the maiden owed the preservation of her life.

"Shall I take you to your home, Miss?" asked Claude Clinton, gazing with rapture into the beautiful face before him.

"If you please. The wind comes from the other shore, and we can run in under the shelter of the land," replied the maiden, after the singular trial witnessed that day at Alderman March's office, on Penn street, and the very strange conduct on the part of Tom Worth, "the poor miner," as he was generally spoken of.

Instantly he put the craft away on its course for the other shore, and a few minutes after the sharp bow grazed the rock, crouching against which was the old scold, cursing, praying and bewailing in the same breath.

The arrival of the boat startled her, and seeing the maiden safe at once began a tirade of abuse against her, which surprised Claude Clinton, and further astonished was he when the old virago gave him also a sample of her temper.

Too thoroughly polite to return to an old aunt—in the presence of a lovely niece—Claude Clinton bowed, sprang back upon his yacht, and was soon daring the storm in recrossing the river, and leaving behind him his heart in the keeping of the lovely girl whose life he had saved.

Once having seen the maiden, and looked down into her passion-stirring eyes, Claude Clinton was determined to again meet her, even if he had to face old Madam Ramsey, as her aunt was called, and come under a running fire from her sharp tongue.

But a week elapsed ere he could accomplish his object, and then he had to run his yacht boldly up to her little boat as she was tilling in the river, and in full view of the University and the cottage in the glen.

From that day Claude Clinton and Eve Ainslie met constantly, and the image of poor Louise was taken from out the student's heart, and her ambitious nature caused her to determine to make Claude Clinton her slave from the first.

Though thankful to him in her innocent heart for having saved her life, and admiring him exceedingly, he was yet not the man to win her whole love, to stir the deeper feelings of her nature.

Still he was a stepping-stone to other triumphs, and she would place her tiny foot upon his neck and thereby lift herself from obscurity to a position in the world.

Finding that he could not make a toy of the maiden, country girl though she was, and facilitated by her, Claude Clinton came boldly and asked her to become his wife.

"You have told me that your father wished you to remain at College the balance of the term?" quietly said Eve.

"True; but I have thought of a plan which, if you will agree to, will cause all to come right in the end. Listen and I will tell you," and Claude Clinton made known to Eve Ainslie a plan he had formed, which, for recklessness, has found few students in a University's walls bold enough to risk the chances of its success.

(To be continued.)

MAY AND DECEMBER.

BY VIOLET VANE.

The old man leaned on his gold-tipped staff, And moved with a faltering gait;

His frame was bent, and the hearty voice, With his youth and vigor had fled.

For four-score winters had come and gone,

And drifted their snow on his head.

Slowly traversed the broad church-aisle,

And gazed with a pensive pride,

On the young bride who stood beside,

Who gracefully walked by his side.

Would make this young maiden his bride.

Her form was lithe as a woodland sylph,

And her face vied the flow'rs fair;

The wild rose bloomed on her velvet cheek,

And the sunshine was meshed in her hair;

The rippling laughter, so silvery sweet,

Had never been flushed by a care.

Through the stained glass windows the warm

sun shone,

Midst the grand church old,

And barred with a glory of rainbow light,

The bowed heads of silver and gold,

And if in her heart was a pang of regret,

No secrets the azure eyes told.

The vows had been uttered that bound them

for aye.

And with the gay curious throng,

The bride and the bridegroom wended their

To the light, and the birds' joyous song;

He with his feet on the verge of life's night—

And she, in the flush of its morn.

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER XVI.

MIDNIGHT WHISPERS.

NIGHT gloomed down over the place; the city lay quiet—sleeping beneath the heavy pall of darkness, and its own constantly overhanging clouds of soot and smoke.

It had been an eventful day in this city of iron and coal—the day just passed; and in certain circles an excitement was created, seldom witnessed.

The main incidents of this singular case of abduction may still be remembered by many worthy denizens of the Smoky Town; and to the author's certain knowledge—for we have seen him recently—the estimable alderman before whom Tom Worth had his preliminary examination, is to-day living.

Of course such court cases, nevertheless, occur daily in all our great cities, but they are quickly decided, and are rapidly and speedily forgotten. The ripple on the surface of society, they may create, gradually, nay oftenest, rapidly, trembles away toward the shores, and is lost amid the waves that fret and break upon the margin of the life-sea.

So it may be of the incidents in the tale we are weaving. We have chosen it from among several—have dignified it, and given it prominence and importance. Of course, attention will be drawn to it, and there may be some, or many, who will cavil at its truthfulness, and doubt the authenticity of the case as we have recorded it.

To such we will simply say, consult the criminal annals of the city for that particular twelve months—only ten years since—and you will find the case. Of course, we have changed it in some particulars, to suit our purpose; but you can find it, and the good-natured clerk of the court, for a small fee, will allow you to sit in his large, musty office on Grant's Hill and look over the record to your heart's content. We have simply "varnished" the tale, in accordance with the privilege of authorship, but we have not obscured its truth thereby.

Well, then, it was night over the city, and the worthy (and unworthy) denizens of the place were for the most part wrapped in slumber, some perhaps dreaming of gold, others of approaching happiness; others, perhaps, of the singular trial witnessed that day at Alderman March's office, on Penn street, and the very strange conduct on the part of Tom Worth, "the poor miner," as he was generally spoken of.

We have mentioned that one week had elapsed since the arrest and commitment of Tom Worth for the alleged abduction of Grace Harley.

The time had passed slowly with the unfortunate prisoner. He was a strong man, and one accustomed to daily, vigorous exercise. It may be imagined that an existence, confined to the two streets, and then stood there, looking around him in every direction, as if undecided which way to go, whether on up the avenue, or out into the street, and thence to the summit of Cliff Hill.

As he stood thus, hesitating and undecided, he suddenly heard footsteps behind him.

The place was lonely and unfrequented at all times; now it was deserted and desolate. The man hastily thrust his hand in his bosom, and backed himself up against the embankment, as if to let the other pass.

The very man who was coming up, evidently from the not very distant Boyd's Hill, had seen the other as he stood at the corner of the two streets; but he did not hesitate. He continued straight on, turned into Bedford Avenue, and was hurrying down the steep descent, when he was suddenly halted by the motionless one. He stopped short in his walk, and with a light laugh turned back.

"Ah, my fine fellow; I was sure it was you, and walked by to try you, to see if you would know your boss!"

"I did not indeed know you, boss, until I saw that long coat; then I would have sworn 'twas you."

"Yes, the coat, ha! ha! But, my good fellow, how's it? Any suspicious characters a' run t' nest?"

"No, boss; none."

"Glad to h'ar it!" exclaimed the other; "from what that infernal scoundrel, now in jail—may he rot there!" said, I feared that others perhaps might think as he did."

"I do not know what he said, boss, but I do know that that fellow followed two others from Boyd's Hill on Tuesday night—ha! ha!"

"Yes, he did; and, by heavens! that toll-keeper, Markley, saw him afterward with one of these same fellows! Good thing that evidence of Markley's; but I have seen several men, certainly one, who resembled that jail-bird considerably, eh?"

"You're right, boss; so have I! And, perhaps—"

"Yes, you, I know what you would say, and here, my fine fellow, is a purse containing gold. 'Tis yours; and now good-night!" These words were spoken in a significant tone.

"Good-night, boss," replied the other, and without a word more of this singular, smothered conversation, which despite the loneliness of the place, had been carried on in a half-whisper, the men separated—the one styled "boss," continuing down Bedford avenue, toward the heart of the sleeping city; the other turning abruptly off from the same avenue, and was soon lost in the shades that hung over the tall Cliff Hill.

Tom Worth sat on a low stool one long hour after his incarceration, but he was suddenly aroused by the key grating andreaking in the lock, and then the cell door was opened. One of the jailor's underlings appeared, lugger after him a huge bundle of bed-clothing.

"An old man brought this for you," he said, in a kind tone, "and we allowed him to leave it. Here is a note, also, which he sent; we have examined it, and you are allowed to receive it." So saying the man spread out the bundle of coverlets and comforters, and gave the miner the blouse and botted note.

In a moment he was gone.

Tom Worth opened the note, and his big heart throbbed. His eyes filled with tears as he read the few rudely written lines:

DEAR BOY:

"I thought you might be sold to-night, my poor Tom, and so I have sent you your covering. I will also say, my dear boy, that I am awful lonesome without you, and that I have cried like a calf about you, Tom; and, Tom, I will pray to God for you safety."

Through the stained glass windows the warm

sun shone,

Midst the grand church old,

And barred with a glory of rainbow light,

The bowed heads of silver and gold,

And if in her heart was a pang of regret,

No secrets the azure eyes told.

The hours sped on, and still Tom Worth

thought not of lying down. Eleven o'clock,

and then twelve o'clock struck, and the prisoner arose.

Suddenly, far above him, at a little grate in the cell, looking into the jail-yard, he heard a cautious "hush!" He glanced up, but could see nothing. Then he heard a low voice, but he drank in every word:

"I followed you, Tom, and I know where they have put you. Speak, my boy! I have twenty stout fellows in jail, who'll tear these bars out for you! Speak the word, and say you're not guilty, Tom! Time flies!"

"No, Ben! Go home and pray for me, but no violence, if you love me," was the cautious reply.

"Then good-by, Tom," came in tremulous tones, after a moment's pause, from the speaker above. "I'll do as you say."

"Good-by, God bless you, Ben!"

All was silent again; no more whispers came, and Tom Worth was once more alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND THAT STICKS.

As warped and misdirected as were Mr. Harley's notions of right and wrong, in this particular instance, yet our readers must not forget that he was a father with only one link to bind him to the memory of her who now slept the lasting sleep, beneath a costly mausoleum in Hilldale Cemetery.

He was a fond and doting parent; and the one short week which had elapsed since the sudden disappearance of his daughter, had wrought a marvelous change in the old man. His pomposity of manner had left him; the quick flashing of his impudent eye was now subdued and faint. His haughty stride was now an old man's tottering, feeble step; his every gesture a palpable sign of weakness, a lack of moral and physical nerve.

The ruddy flush of health had passed away from his round, pale cheek, leaving a hollow and a deathlike pall there. Doctor Bree,

who more than once, in his own frank, cordial manner, had called to see how matters were, and if any tidings had been heard of the missing maiden, noted the altered appearance of his friend, and had covertly stolen his finger over the irregular, jerking pulse, throbbing so heavily under the hot surface of the feverish wrist. And then the old physician had hinted that he had better take care of himself.

The fact is, old Mr. Harley had been thinking a good deal—had been thinking of the unfinished sentence—the incomplete words of Tom Worth, the miner—of the noble, honest look of that poor man. And then gradually he had thought to himself that it was hard to believe Tom Worth guilty of the dark crime, though he had been so quick to believe it. But Fairleigh Somerville had said so!

The old man, sitting late one night in his library, suddenly rose to his feet; a thought had come over him; if possible he would see Tom Worth in his cell!

Still no tidings of the girl; still the old man's rich reward was unclaimed!

We have mentioned that one week had elapsed since the arrest and commitment of Tom Worth for the alleged abduction of Grace Harley.

The time had passed slowly with the unfortunate prisoner. He was a strong man, and one accustomed to daily, vigorous exercise. It may be imagined that an existence, confined to the two streets, and then stood there, looking around him in every direction, as if undecided which way to go, whether on up the avenue, or out into the street, and thence to the summit of Cliff Hill.

The man turned off the track, and began to climb the high, precipitous hill. His companion followed obediently at his heels. The ascent was arduous, but they did not turn back—did not even pause. They had an object in view—at least one of them had, and they kept on faithfully.

A full half hour elapsed before they stood panting, almost exhausted, on the crowning point of Cliff Hill.

"Come, Launce, let us go down Bedford avenue, and get out of the reach of this infernal wind!" said the tall man in the long overcoat.

Without stopping to rest they hastened down Fulton street, and did not pause until they were sheltered in the banks that rose above Bedford avenue.

"Sit down, Launce, somewhere, anywhere, and we have our final talk about that little matter—your departure."

The man called Launce did not reply at once; he seemed to be thinking.

"Yes, boss, yes. But, boss, it seems to me mighty hard to force a man away from his home, and—"

"For you! Nonsense! It will only be for a time; and then remember, Launce, suppose you were found out! How about the law in your case, resemblance or no resemblance?"

The man started.

"True, true, boss," he said, rather humbly.

"But, sir, it is hard to say good-by to my poor wife and

shawl, draping it about her face and throat as delicately as if she were going to the opera; then, drawing herself to her tiny height, she looked at them all with flashing hatred and scorn.

"Messieurs, my judges," said she, "and Mademoiselle Purity, I defy you all! Your benefits I return to you with disdain! Your kindnesses I spit on them; they were false and fleeting! Fate mocks me now, the jade; but wait, her wheel shall turn again, and I shall soar higher than ever, for *voilà!* I was born under a fortunate star! I was to have been married to Monsieur Paul Stanley to-day! Ha! ha! His passion was amusing, but I would have wearied of it in a week! Adieu! I shall find equal amusement in the—ha! ha!—Tomb; for my mind is my kingdom, and it never forsakes me!"

With a sweeping stage bow, and a jaunty wave of the hand, she disappeared in good form, her light hand on the grinning officer's arm and her train sweeping behind her.

"There is only one thing more to be done connected with this matter," said Mr. Wylie. "The British colonel's name in the British officer's carriage wheels was no more heard; 'in her absence this evening, and armed with a search warrant, Johnson and I went through her effects, and we came upon this package—Mrs. Stanley's confession, I believe."

He handed a sealed envelope to Stanley, who read these words on the back:

"To be read by my husband only. Finder respect the seal."

Stanley held it in his trembling hand, musing with profound emotion over the sad, sad history of the woman who had loved him so well.

"Friends" said he at last, breaking the respectful silence which they observed, "my wife's honor is already vindicated; I desire no other proof of her purity. In your presence let me burn this unred; it relates to a past which I should never have wished to unavail had not evil thoughts prompted the cruel suspicions which alienated me from her gradually and fatally. Thus I consent to oblivion my dead wife's secret, and believing henceforth in goodness and purity, I shall, I trust, prove worthy of your friendships—my friends, Miss Verne, Mr. Verne, and Mr. Laurie—and also in the source from which all goodness flows."

He placed the packet in the heart of the glowing anthracite fire, and, in deep silence, they all watched it burn brightly—die out in lurid flakes, and flutter up the chimney.

"And now, let me show you Aubrey," said George, turning for the first time from Maiblume.

The folding doors were both flung wide, and they saw the child lying on a sofa, his miserable father slouching at a distant window and drumming the devil's tattoo on the sill.

George took him in his arms—a light weight truly, but love thrilled every fiber of the little form.

"My dear Aubrey," said George, "look up, look up. This is Maiblume, the lovely lady who is to be my wife."

And the boy looked up in the sweet bending face, and the next moment was in her arms.

"My little brother!" whispered she, kissing him over and over again; "you and George and I shall never part from each other till God calls one of us."

And, lying between them, Aubrey Armand, too frail for such a strong elixir as complete happiness swooned away.

Meantime Stanley, in a few terse sentences, was disposing of Monsieur Armand to his entire satisfaction—in fact buying his son of him. Having agreed to an exorbitant demand, and seen him out, he returned to his old friend Verne, who stood near the sofa quite upset by the little scene he had witnessed.

"We shall be old chums still," said Stanley, linking his arm in his, and leaning on him with a wistful dependence in him; "and for these three may God shower His richest blessings on them and spare them to each other many years."

"Amen!" said the author, wringing his hand.

THE END.

Centennial Stories.

CHESTNUT.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I AM going to tell the story of a horse.

The northern frontiers of South Carolina were filled with dismay by the result of the engagement between Buford and Tarleton, at Waxhaw Creek. Reports of disaster spread rapidly, and almost before the thunder of the troops' guns had ceased to disturb the air the patriots' were riding to join Marion and Sumpter in the South.

In the vicinity of the battlefield were a number of loyal planters—men who rejoiced at the bloody work of Tarleton's sword—men who helped to chase the few patriots who escaped from the disastrous field.

Emily Laurens, the youngest daughter of one of these loyalists, was startled by the voices of men in the room directly beneath her boudoir.

It was the night after the battle—a night of sorrow for the young girl, whose heart bled for Buford and his butchered gallants.

She listened to the sounds that came up from below, and all at once thought that she recognized a voice.

"Can it be Colonel Tarleton himself?" she exclaimed. "I have heard his voice before. He came here once, and—yes, that is the coarse Tarleton laugh!"

The girl's face flushed with indignation while she listened to the loud laugh which she believed fell from the lips of the victor of Waxhaw Creek, and she was leaving her station when the utterance of a single word kept her there:

"Chestnut!"

Emily Laurens held her breath.

"Chestnut is yours, Colonel," she heard her father say. "Leave your wounded steed in my stables, and mount the best and the swiftest horse in the Carolinas."

"A thousand thanks," said Tarleton. "I trust that I shall never show Chestnut's tail to these pestiferous rebels. A good British sword will flash before his eyes, but he will become accustomed to the glitter. But am I not robbing some member of your household in accepting your munificent donation to the royal cause?"

A woman's voice replied:

"Chestnut is Emily's horse; but she will not object. I believe that she will be proud to see Colonel Tarleton on his back."

"And Chestnut, too, will rejoice," said the Tory. "Colonel, I will have him led out. Such a horse as Chestnut is seldom met with in this ravaged State."

Emily Laurens heard her favorite horse given to the British colonel. She heard her father order the steed brought from the stall, that the new owner might feast his eyes upon his equine symmetry and beauty.

She rose to her feet and dashed tears from her eyes. Chestnut had been her pet for five years. When but a colt, he had eaten choice morsels from her hand, and she had been the first to guide him with the rein. Now he had been given to the man who would follow the patriots on his back, now his body would be exposed to the fire of battle, and a bullet might shatter one of those slender and faultless limbs.

The thought of parting with Chestnut was more than the girl could bear.

She resolved to go below, and throw her voice against the unjust donation. The horse was hers, and not her father's.

She found her family and the visitors—Colonel Tarleton and several officers—on the porch below awaiting the arrival of the horse. Her presence was not noticed for several minutes, as she joined the party quietly, and her face grew pale when the noise of hoofs and a whinny saluted her ears.

The next moment a magnificent horse of a sleek chestnut color came in sight. He was led by the stable groomsman, who halted him before the group on the porch or veranda.

Tarleton gazed enraptured on the noble animal. In all his military life, he had never seen such a beautiful steed, and his eyes flashed with pride and covetousness while he looked.

"Ten thousand thanks for your princely gift!" the British colonel exclaimed, turning to the Tory whose hands he warmly clasped. "The time is not far distant when Banaster Tarleton will repay you. Sergeant, unsaddle Bess, and let me mount the finest steed in the South."

The last sentence—a command—was addressed to a sergeant of dragoons who stood at his side and the man was moving off when Emily Laurens stepped forward and laid her hand on Tarleton's arm.

"Colonel Tarleton, Chestnut belongs to me!" she said with a great deal of firmness. "You have not asked his proper owner for the gift of him."

The British colonel smiled and glanced from the girl to her father who was frowning.

"Your father, I thought, had the disposal of the horse," Tarleton said, looking at the young and beautiful girl.

"Chestnut has been mine always," she answered. "His mother was mine; he is mine!"

"But you will not revoke the gift, my little lady. I will take good care of Chestnut, and where victory's banners wave, there will the sounds of his hoofs be heard."

A moment's silence followed the soldier's last word; it was broken by the return of the sergeant, who carried a rich saddle.

The girl's eyes flashed again when she saw the trooper.

"You cannot have Chestnut," she said, firmly, glancing at Tarleton, as she stepped past him and stopped at the horse's head.

"Emily, do you know whom you address?" exclaimed the planter, with face pallid with mingled rage and fear. "I have given Chestnut to him, thinking, of course, that you would sanction the donation with joy. Why, girl, this is the great Colonel Tarleton."

"King George himself shouldn't have Chestnut!" she answered, with flashing eyes, and with the last word quivering on her lips, she turned upon the groom.

"Take the horse back to his stall!" she said, in an imperative tone. "Things have come to a pretty pass in the Carolinas when a woman cannot keep her own property. What are you staring at, Nero? Take Chestnut to his stall, Obey me, and not persons who have no control over the horse!"

The negro, catching an affirmative nod from his master, whose displeasure he feared, turned and led the beautiful charger away.

Tarleton glanced at the girl, and bit his lip, when he caught the triumphant light that flashed in her eyes.

"Colonel Tarleton, I do not like to ruin great expectations," she said, with a smile that started him; "but, sir, I cannot part with Chestnut without my consent."

"But the cause, the cause, Miss; think of that!" said the officer, more than half pleadingly.

"There are other horses in the Carolinas; there are women who would willingly give their favorites to Colonel Tarleton, but Emily Laurens is not among the number!"

She passed the British dragoons a moment later, and disappeared within the house.

"What does this mean?" cried Tarleton, stepping hastily to the partisan's side. "Do you permit your children to cross you thus? Is your daughter Emily a rebel?"

"A rebel! Emily Laurens a rebel!" exclaimed the old man, starting back. "There are Laurenses in South Carolina who fight in the rebel cause; but none of my family have disgraced the name. My daughter is a little self-willed. She is netted because we did not consult her about Chestnut."

"'Oho!" exclaimed Tarleton, with a smile. "I consider the horse mine."

"Yours he is," said Laurens. "I do not intend that a girl shall overrule me. A word in private with you, colonel."

The two men stepped to the end of the porch.

"Send several good troopers to my stables at midnight, colonel," said the planter. "The coast will be clear, and Chestnut will be yours without further dispute."

Tarleton looked at Laurens, and took his hands.

"The horse shall not be taken without being paid for. To-morrow I will send your daughter five hundred guineas."

"Which I will keep on interest for her," said Laurens, opening his eyes in amazement.

"When the war has ended—when Emily has ceased to think of her horse—I will acquaint her with Colonel Tarleton's liberality."

From the porch the party adjourned to the house, where, after toasts to King George and the war in the South had been drunk, the troopers prepared to depart. Emily Laurens heard all that passed from her boudoir, and she rejoiced when she saw the British colonel ride away on his own Bess, and not on Chestnut.

"Does he think that I am to be outwitted, and that before dawn?" exclaimed the girl.

"Did not that whispered conversation on the porch mean that Chestnut is to be taken from the stable to-night? I stood at the parlor-window, and heard father say 'my stables' and 'midnight.' We shall see, Colonel Tarleton, who rides Chestnut away before morning."

The stars in the May sky were shining like diamonds, and a warm wind was rustling the rose-leaves in the garden, when Emily Laurens stole from the house and glided like a specter toward the stables.

Passing to the right of the negro cabin, she reached the stable, wherein Nero had lately stalled the coveted horse.

She opened the door and listened, but the silence was as dense as the gloom about her.

"Hugh!"

The name was spoken in a guarded tone, but distinctly.

For a moment there was no response; then a noise, like some person or animal moving in the hay in the mow, fell on the girl's ears.

"Emily!"
The speaker was quite near the partisan's daughter, for she put out her hands, saying:

"I am here, Hugh. Heaven be praised that you have not been discovered!"

Before she had finished, her hands were grasped by others which she could not see, and a man's voice said:

"Yes, yes, I owe my life to you, Emily. I regret that I must leave you in the midst of a country overrun by Tarleton's troopers—the same who cut us down at Waxhaw Creek."

"But you are flying to safety. We have no time to lose. Tarleton's men are coming back to-night. The colonel wants a horse that he will never ride. You have saddled Chestnut?"

"Chestnut! Not I could not take your favorite steed. Emily, I—"

"You must take Chestnut. I will saddle him."

The girl left the man near the door, and with dispatch saddled her gallant steed, who recognized her with more than one demonstration of delight.

"Here is the best horse in the Carolinas, Hugh," she said with pride, when she had halted Chestnut in the starlight, just without the stable. "He is the fleetest steed and he will bear you to safety, and, please Heaven, through victory to our country's freedom!"

With Emily's assistance, the patriot trooper, who was wounded in the battle of Waxhaw Creek, seated himself in the saddle, and looked with pride upon the tearful but joyous face upturned to him.

"Do not spare Chestnut's slender limbs," she said, "and when the war is over I will keep my promise."

"I know you will, Emily Laurens!" he exclaimed, and with her kiss on his pale face he gathered up the reins.

But Emily could not see him go until she had patted Chestnut's neck and kissed the star in his forehead.

Then she said, "Good-by, Hugh! good-by, Chestnut!" and saw the horse and his rider disappear.

A weight of suspense was lifted from her mind. The patriot lover whom she had selected in the mow was mounted on the "best horse in the Carolinas," and riding to safety.

After regaining her boudoir, she saw them ride out of the hills, we sighted the glare of a campfire built upon the ledge half way up the mountain. The blaze was hidden behind some bushes, and for the same reason we could not see those who had kindled it. Still we believed that we had fairly treed our game.

Kit advised us to creep up within range, and wait until morning, when we could easily pick the varmints off as they showed themselves, but Winkle, who was nearly crazy over the loss of his ears, swore that he was not going to wait, and that if we were all afraid, he would do the work alone. That settled it. A mountaineer don't know how to creep a dare.

It was ticklish work creeping along that narrow, winding trail, but it was the only one we could find in the dark that led up to where the fire was burning. As you may guess, we took our time, knowing as we did that a single step, a jingle of our rifles against the rocks, might bring the four Delawares upon our backs. We might have spared our pains, though. 'Twas all wasted powder, for the varmints had sighted us before sunset, and had not lost track of us for a single moment since.

Just as we reached a bit of level ledge, some thirty feet below that upon which rested the fire, a flash of lightning seemed to align the dark that led up to where the fire was burning. As of old, the Delawares had chosen their ground well. Then they charged, no doubt thinking they could force us over the edge behind, where we would fall some fifty feet, to alight on some unpleasing sharp-pointed rocks. But they missed it. Kit warned us to be careful, not to fall into any more of the varmints' traps.

We met the Delawares firmly enough, and for a moment or so the play was lively; revolver against knife and hatchet; Little Beaver gave an awkward dig in the humpback—I heard 'twas him, since he was the only left-handed one of the party—and then dodged my return, as Big Nigger sounded the note of retreat. The next moment we were alone upon the ledge, save for one of the varmints who lay like a log in Marcellin's arms—the big Mexican had fairly choked him to death.

"They mean mischief boys—don't follow 'em," said Kit. "We'd only run into another trap. Up to the ledge above. They can't miss the fire without our seeing 'em."

"They've got my ears—don't let 'em have my skele, too!"

"You down, Winkle—but you ain't hard hit."

"I've got it live I live, Kit. Just yank off my ha'r, then pockache."

"Catch hold, Lajoie—mayhap we can save him yet," muttered Kit, and the next moment we were scrambling up the steep trail toward the ledge upon which still glowed the campfire that had been a false beacon to us.

Marcellin slung his game over his shoulder and carried it to the fire. He recognized Jim Swannick.

"A hundred-dollar pelt—better 'n beaver, anyhow!" he grunted, as he passed a knife to the Delaware's heart, and then lifted the hair.

We passed beyond the

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Once on a time, so legends say,
A mongrel dog—a stranger—
Curled up to sleep upon the hay
That filled a stable manger.

He got to snoring and forgot
The ill-dog flesh he'd left to:—
Of sticks and clubs, and water hot,
Which take of life and hair, too.

He thought no more of aged paws
Unto his tail appended;
Fire-crackers and old oyster-oans
With other ills were ended.

His dreaming soul on beefsteak fed,
And hunkers of veal and bacon,
And dainty bits of cold and bread
Regaled this sleeping glutton.

At last a sheep came up to eat
And cracked him from his napping,
But quick this dog made it retreat
With snarling and with snapping.

He growled, "A mortal has to stand
Much trouble and ill-using!"
Then laid his head upon his hand
And soon again was snoozing.

In dreams he'd just begun, this our,
To chase a rabbit, crippled:—
A cow came up for provender
And near his leg it nibbled.

He grabbed at her and madly snape,
"You miserable muley,
Why do you bother other folk
With conduct so unruly?"

Then he to sleep again did drop,
His visions growing merry
O'er life within a butcher's shop
And evenings in a dairy.

But soon a bull came for its meal
And woke the cur-intruder,
At which the dog began to rail
In language rather ruder—

"You old, ungentlemanly beast,
I'll grasp your nose with tightness,
Your manner, sir, to say the least
Smacks much of impoliteness!"

To which the B. returned, "Kind sir,
Your actions are too surly,
You think to pull me down, you cur,
Because you tall is curly."

"You eat no hay, but from it you
Are keeping honest people;
Get out, or I'll proceed to throw
You higher than a steeple."

The cur then made a vicious snap
To seize and hold on to him,
But ah, unfortunate mishap!
He got a horn clear through him.

The verdict of the jury that sat
On him, of cattle mostly,
Was—"Took a horn too much," and that
It served him right and justly.

This moral, too, they gave that day
That, "all men are as brothers;
If you're not fond of eating hay
Don't keep away the others."

The Men of '76.

KNOX,

THE ARTILLERY CHIEF.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

IN Henry Knox Washington found one of those true men whose courage never failed, whose faith never faltered, and whose devotion to duty was ever ready for any service or sacrifice, and the honorable record he made in the war of the Revolution gives him a chief place among the men of '76.

Knox was born in Boston, A. D. 1750. There his youth was passed, and there the breaking out of hostilities found him, well established in business as bookseller. His heart was with his country, and his noble wife—whose father was a rank Tory—in her patriotic ardor encouraged him to abandon all and flee to the army of patriots gathering at Cambridge, to avenge the slaughter at Concord and Lexington. She followed him, concealing on her person the sword which he was destined to bear on many an ensanguined field, and which, in its battered and worn scabbard, was to grace the side of the first Secretary of War of the New Republic.

Making his way out of Boston, with great difficulty, Knox served as a volunteer in the memorable struggle at Bunker Hill, and when Washington arrived at Cambridge, to institute the siege of Boston, Knox tendered his services in any capacity where he could best advance the patriot cause. He was attached as aid to the commander-in-chief's staff, and the conferences which he attended revealed the wants and defects of the patriot army, and indicated to him his work.

The army that besieged Boston, was to confront the British host, was almost destitute of artillery. Very few fort or field guns were available, and save those then resting in the old fortresses of the North, heirlooms of the French and Indian Wars, none were likely to be acquired, save such as might be captured from the enemy. To draw upon the store secured by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys in Ticonderoga, Crown Point, or St. John, or those of the forts still more remote, seemed wholly impracticable, especially at that season of the year. Knox volunteered to perform the prodigious task of bringing these guns in, with the sole aid of volunteers on the border, asking no detachment from the army. Washington did not believe the enterprise feasible, yet granted him and the necessary authority.

Knox executed the service in a remarkable manner. With incredible labor, through forests, swamps and swollen streams—over mountains deep with snow—down the muddy valleys, the guns came, pulled by relays of men and horses obtained in the settlements, and early in the new year (1776) Washington's eyes were gladdened with the sight of artillery, which alone could make his army adequate to the work before it.

To assign the indomitable Knox to the command of the artillery was but a just recognition for the service rendered; and thereafter, as chief of artillery in Washington's own army, he was intimately associated with his chief, and served with such zeal, cool courage and skill that he became the army's pride and the commander's trusted servant.

Knox participated in all the battles which lost us New York City; he was in the dogged retreat through New Jersey, and in the gallant recoil when the patriots turned and struck the astonished enemy at Trenton and Princeton; he was in the fierce conflict at Brandywine to save Philadelphia, and at the battle of Germantown—always the watchful, reliant and skillful director of the artillery, and saving, time and again, the little army in its defeats, by covering its retreat. When the army went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge (1777), Knox was its idolized favorite; and though even stout hearts desponded over the wretched situation, he was ever cheerful, encouraging and confident, exerting a powerful influence both with Congress and the men in the service to reorganize the army and prepare for the campaign of 1778.

In the battle of Monmouth Knox was the savior of the day. His splendid courage shone out sublimely. His officers and men, emulating their chief, "fought like very dev-

ils;" his guns were moved with astonishing celerity, and were so often in the enemy's way that Cornwallis afterward confessed "the Yankee artillery alone saved Lee from utter destruction," and when the bloody field was won, Washington, in his general orders, bestowed upon Knox his warmest commendations.

Knox was proven to be a man somewhat after Washington's own type; cool, calm, patient, considerate, not given to envies, always observant, methodic, a strict disciplinarian, of thorough integrity, his worth developed with every new trust. He seemed, indeed, unconscious of his own merit, and was so unobtrusive that he never betrayed eagerness for responsible command. But, Washington and his Generals of Division were fully conscious of the artillery chief's good qualities, and, though but a brigadier in rank, Knox was called in every council, and his clear judgment was taken upon almost every disposition, movement and act of the army.

Arnold's defection found Knox on the alert for what evil consequences might follow. His artillery was ready for instant service, at any menaced point. How far the defection ran no one knew, nor what Clinton might do to save the traitor's unparalleled infamy from being an utter defeat. Knox, Greene, Wayne, Putnam, Steuben, Lafayette, were there to confront the danger, and Washington, after a day's dismay, felt doubly assured of the future, in beholding the matchless devotion of his officers, and such general abhorrence of the traitor's crime as was expressed in the ranks. Knox was called to the court martial which sat on Andre's case, and though he had a warm personal attachment for the British major, he did not shrink from the soldier's duty to assign the spy to the gallows.

When the seat of war passed to the south, and Washington made his hurried transfer of forces from New York and New Jersey to Virginia, to confront Cornwallis, Knox maintained his command there, and at the siege of Yorktown acted with such splendid efficiency as to add greatly to the success of the siege and to command the enthusiastic admiration of his brother officers. Knox was, for his conceded good judgment and eminent services in the field, chosen one of the three commissioners to arrange the terms of Cornwallis's surrender. Congress then hastened to repair its tardy recognition of his merit by creating him a major-general. Few men in the whole service had better earned that eminent grade.

Knox returned to the north again, to watch the enemy in New York, and received from Washington, with the approbation of his companions-in-arms, the high honor of receiving the surrender of New York City, which occurred Nov. 25th, 1783, with stately ceremony, and amid the wildest enthusiasm of army and citizens, and Washington's entry, at the head of his generals and aids, forms one of the most imposing incidents of that century of great events. Side by side with his chief rode the trusty Knox, undoubtedly the most beloved by his commander of all that gallant host.

Washington's farewell to his brethren in arms occurred at New York, Dec. 4th. It was a most affecting scene. The great commander is said, in parting with Knox, to have clasped him in his arms, and to have shed tears—a singular proof of the attachment between those two most admirable men.

In the reunion of officers that followed, Knox proposed the society of *The Cincinnati*, which was to bind those patriots in bonds of fellowship when peace should scatter them to their homes. Knox was chosen its first vice-president—their honored Washington being honorary president.

The disbanding of the army brought with it serious danger. The troops and officers were unpaid; Continental money was almost wholly worthless; States were impoverished and Congress powerless to restore prosperity, or to give back to any soldier the business and home he had sacrificed for the country. The men were to disband to—what? To idleness and starvation, in many instances; to destitution in nearly all cases. That discontent should ripen into threat and threat into violence was but natural; and Knox found himself called upon to exert all his personal influence, which was so great, to allay the disorder, and to send the men away peacefully, in detachments, to their homes.

To Knox was assigned the command of the important post of West Point; but he retired at the close of the year (1783) to Maine, where his wife held inherited estates.

He was not, however, long permitted a citizen's repose, for Congress soon called him from retirement to act as Secretary of War, a position of great responsibility, to which he gave his best energies. The service he then rendered cannot be too highly commended.

When Washington was elected to the Presidency, Knox was named as his Secretary of War and Navy, and so remained until 1793, when he resigned, having well earned a right to the rest he now craved. Before retiring he had, by his strenuous exertions, induced Congress to create an American navy—or which he may, therefore, justly be styled the father.

At his elegant residence at Thomaston, Maine, he dispensed a sumptuous hospitality—at times entertaining as many as one hundred guests! This hospitality told upon his purse so severely as to cause him embarrassment during the last years of his life.

Knox died at Thomaston in the year 1806, from a singular accident—the swallowing of a chicken bone, which produced mortification and resulted in death.

In person Knox was large and commanding of appearance, with large face, low but broad forehead small but brilliant gray eyes. He always dressed in black and wore a black handkerchief around his left hand, wounded and mutilated at Monmouth. This handkerchief he always twisted and untwisted in the ardor of conversation. He was of a genial disposition, laughed heartily and talked loudly from natural strength of voice, which field command had tended to develop. His mind was of an order rare in men—quick to act in emergency, but excessively cautious and prudent in ordinary, with a judgment of almost unerring precision. No man could have better filled the place assigned to him in the great drama of founding the Republic, and no name shines in our history with fairer luster than that of Henry Knox.

Sentiment and a Tin Gutter.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"Is Mr. Madock in?"

"No, madam," I answered to the swift, peevish tones of the stylish lady who had questioned me.

"Pshaw! What a nuisance!" she said, petulantly. She always spoke in that way if anything crossed her. I knew who she was. She had been in our shop several times and I did not like her, for all her pretty ways when she was pleased, and her handsome face, and elegant dress.

"Can you not leave a message, ma'am, for Mr. Madock?" I said.

"Of course; I'll have to. Be sure you are not so stupid as to forget it!"

"Here is paper, if you want to write it," I said, doggedly.

She flashed her dark eyes at me furiously. "None of your insolence, sir; but tell Mr. Madock to send some one around to my house, this very day, to fix the tin gutter of the roof, which has become disconnected with the leader. Remember, to-day, to Mrs. Buchanan's, 153 Elfwood street."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, not putting down the address, as I knew it already; and she swept out of the shop.

"How I hate such women!" I thought, going on with the work of polishing a stove which her entrance had interrupted. "She thinks one must be ready to bow down to her because she is rich. And she looks down on those who are poor and work with their hands for a living. I suppose she thinks no one connected with a tin-shop good enough for her to treat as politely as an equal, even old Madock, I suppose."

If, in my bitterness and boyishness, I seemed to mention my employer disrespectfully, I am sure there was no such feeling in my heart. I fully appreciated the honest kindness of the man who had given shelter and work to me when my poor mother, his tenant, died and left me, her only child, a helpless orphan. I was twelve years old, then, and unusually intelligent for my age. I knew nothing more of my relations than that my mother had often told me I came of a refined and educated family, and I must study hard to some day occupy the place in society that a Denfield should. That was my name—Denfield, Otto Denfield. My ambitions for myself were quite as high as were my mother's for me. But when, one morning, I awoke to find her dead—my ambitions met their death, too. No clew was found to my friends, and I was compelled to choose between being sent to some asylum or accepting Mr. Madock's offer to take me into his shop and teach me his trade.

I chose the latter, and for three years had slept in the tin-shop, eaten my meals up stairs, with my master's family, been decently clothed, and allowed to read and study all I liked, so long as I did my work faithfully through the day. Still, there was a great deal of bitterness in my young heart against my fate, and such arrogant persons as Mrs. Buchanan always had power to arouse it. But my reflections after that lady's departure were soon interrupted by the entrance of my employer. I gave him the message and in return he directed me to find Griswold, one of the head workmen, and go around to 153 Elfwood street with him and repair the gutter.

I obeyed the order, and soon Griswold and I were carrying a long ladder through the sloppy streets. It was an afternoon in late winter, warm and sunshiny as May; and a recent snow-storm was disappearing, as by magic, under the caresses of a warm wind and the fervent kisses of the sun.

We placed the ladder against the extension of Mrs. Buchanan's house, for the leaky gutter was at the rear, and ascended to its roof; then we pulled the ladder to the top of the extension and placed it against the back of the house, and climbed to the higher roof, and were soon busily working at the corner of the wing. Presently a sound at a window attracted my attention. The highest windows were not fully sized, and the upper sash of one had been lowered and a little girl stood there, looking out at us. She seemed about nine or ten years old, though she was very fair and slight, and I thought her the prettiest child I had ever seen, as she rested her little folded arms upon the lowered sash and pushed her head of silky yellow curls out into the golden air, and watched us curiously with her large hazel eyes. I cast frequent glances at the lovely picture until it vanished; then I did not think of looking at the next lower windows, opening directly upon the extension, and, so, before I could quite realize what had happened, a fairy figure had climbed the ladder and stood beside us.

"Isn't it a happy place up here?" were her first words, uttered with a little ecstatic catch for breath, her eyes turned toward the skies, her tiny hands clasped over her bosom. Griswold and I both stared at her. Then he said, as he turned to go with his work:

"Be careful not to go near the edge, Miss."

"Isn't it a happy place up here?" she repeated again, earnestly, not heeding him, but fixing her great solemn eyes on me.

I felt the blood rush hot to my cheeks, and I remonstrated with the sun-warmed breeze blew deliciously against them as I looked into the lovely questioning eyes, and said:

"What makes you think it a happy place?"

"Oh! it is so near the beautiful skies it makes one feel good, you know. I am a dreadful naughty girl, sometimes. I have been naughty to-day, so mamma said I was to stay alone, up in my own room, the rest of the afternoon. But I think if I could always be up here I could always be good."

"But the skies are not always beautiful," I suggested. "What would you do when it is cloudy and stormy?"

"Oh! stay in the house and frown, and pout, and cry like the skies, I suppose," she answered, with a little laugh.

"I do not understand how you can ever do that," I said gently.

She opened her lovely eyes in pretty amaze, asking:

"Why not?"

"Because you have everything to make you always happy, such a beautiful home, and you can attend school, and you have a father and mother."

"And haven't you a father and mother, and—?" she ended in confusion, a bright blush spread all over her little face.

"And can I not attend school? And am I not rich? No! I have not a friend in the world; and I am forced to work for my support though I hate it, and want to study and become a scholar!"

"Then you will be one, some day!" she said, with an earnest face and the solemn air of a prophetess. "For you ain't like me, a lazy, fretful little girl, who, mamma says, is good for nothing but to be troublesome. You're smart, I know, and you'll get to be a great man; and have an awful lot of friends; and I just wish then you'd remember me, my name's Mabel—Mabel Buchanan, and that I like you now!"

"Mabel! Mabel! You disobedient child! What do you mean by going up there and talking to such people?" cried Mrs. Buchanan, her handsome, angry face appearing at the lower window. "You're constantly disgracing yourself and you'll disgrace your family some day!"

"Why, mamma," called Mabel, defiantly, holding my hand as she advanced to the edge of the roof, "he's every bit as good as us."

"None of your insolence, you naughty girl! Let go his hand and come down this instant! and I'll see whether I can't break you of your your love associations!"

"Good-by. I like you," the little girl said,

simply, commencing to descend the ladder. But I saw the pretty face get pallid and scared, and that she clung convulsively to the ladder. Her downward glance had rendered her dizzy. In an instant I swung myself to the under side of the ladder and so reached her just in time to save her from falling, and clinging thus, I ascended her safely down.

"You'd better get back to your work, sir; and I shall not forget to report you to Mr. Madock, for not attending to your business," was Mrs. Buchanan's angry greeting to myself, as she hurried Mabel through the window.

"Oh, don't scold him, mamma, when he has just kept me from falling!" I heard my little defender say, pleadingly, as the window was closed between us. A few minutes later Griswold joined me, and the tin gutter being properly repaired, we went our way.

It was, perhaps, a month after my acquaintance with little Mabel Buchanan that a young woman entered our shop and asked for "The b'y, sir, what helped to fix the tin gutter at Miss Buchanan's."

"Wasn't that you, Otto?" called out Mr. Madock.

"Yes, sir," replied I, going forward.

"Oh, if ye's be the one, here's a little packet the young Miss was after sendin' ye's," said the young woman, placing a tiny brown-papered bundle in my hand. And then she flounced out of the shop.

I was very surprised, but I had an odd feeling that I could not open little Mabel's package before any one, so I quietly slipped it in my pocket until, at noon tide, I was left alone. Then I opened the wrapper and found inclosed a miniature-case and a note. I unfastened the case, and to my astonishment, looked into the pictured